

The TATLER

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London, April 29, 1931

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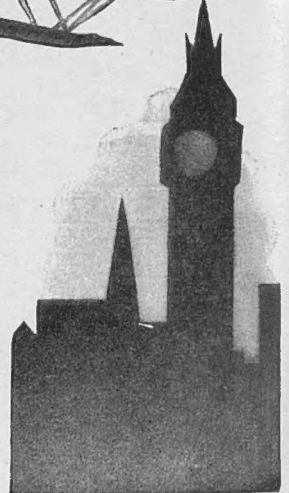
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MR. CHRISTOPHER AND LADY ROSEMARY JEFFREYS

A photograph taken at the Guards' Chapel after the wedding, last Thursday, of Lord and Lady Normanton's youngest daughter to the only son of Lieut.-General Sir George Jeffreys and Lady Cantelupe. The bride looked quite delightful in parchment-coloured satin, with a veil and train of Brussels lace. A pale blue ribbon encircled her waist, and she carried pale pink roses and orchids. The procession of eight bridesmaids, wearing iris-yellow organdie, included Lady Elizabeth Lindsay and Lady Jane Egerton. Mr. Christopher Jeffreys is in the Grenadier Guards, and Warrant Officers and Staff Sergeants of the regiment provided the guard of honour. After the ceremony, at which the Bishop of Winchester officiated, the vast congregation proceeded to 87, Eaton Square, which Sir Clifford and Lady Fox had lent for the reception.



GOLFING AT GLENEAGLES: MRS. HUGH SPENS,
MRS. SAVORY, AND LORD FORTEVIOT

With the depressions on the decrease—let us hope and touching wood—the Gleneagles Hotel links are becoming more crowded. Lord Forteviot's seat is Dupplin Castle, Perthshire. He succeeded to the title in 1929 on the death of his father

GROSVENOR SQUARE
SWEET COZ, a perfect glut of weddings has there been this week, and it's difficult to know where to begin about them. Lady Mary Graham's marriage to Mr. Boscawen caused a lot of Scottish people to come south and a number of the nimble brought off a double by attending their subsequent reception as well as that of Lord and Lady Brougham. To achieve such a feat satisfactorily it is necessary to be fit, trim, and sure that your fashionable hat is keeping up with you; one or two I saw at Belgrave Square had lost ground and allowed some well-waved whiskers to escape too far. The small veils, which look rather like rabbit wire-netting, certainly have their uses.



MRS. P. G. H. FENDER AND HER SON PETER AND PATRICIA

The wife of the famous Surrey and England cricketer and their two children. Mr. P. G. H. Fender played for England v. Australia in 1921 and also in Australia. Mr. Fender's school was St. Paul's. He had a batting average for Surrey last season of 29'31 and a bowling average of 26'61

The Letters of Eve



AT FARMLEIGH, CO. DUBLIN: LADY IVEAGH WITH LADY PATRICIA AND LADY BRIGID GUINNESS

A snapshot at Castleknock last week. Lady Iveagh was Lady Gwendolen Onslow and is a sister of Lady Irwin, the wife of the ex-Viceroy of India. The little pet Lady Brigid Guinness (right) has in her hand is a mouse

St. Margaret's, Westminster, was absolutely packed by the time Miss Valerie French arrived. "Poured into her dress" is a phrase which meant nothing to me until I saw this bride. Hers fitted quite wonderfully and was worthy of its wearer, whose veil was virtually a cloud of pearls. Altogether a lovely wedding to look at, and the bridesmaids' bouquets of gardenias and lilies-of-the-valley made the procession equally appealing to the nose. The most captious critic could not have failed to admire the bridesmaids; as a collection they were unrivalled. This you will understand when you hear that Lady Patricia Moore's dark head was one of the attractions, and fair Miss Bunting Stephenson another.

Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, the bride's sister, was incredibly pretty in a blue dress, and Miss Margaret Whigham definitely proved that green is not unlucky to look at, at any rate. Lady Diana Wellesley scores lots of points for the younger generation and

Mrs. Thomas Cholmondeley should be commended for her chic. Lady Mainwaring had two bridesmaid daughters and Lord Plunket had to give an account of his latest son to his interested friends. Mrs. Evan Morgan, also there, has long overcome any "air anxiety" which the British are supposed to suffer from.



AT EPSOM: THE HON. ESMÉ GLYN AND LORD FAIRHAVEN

Obviously some people were not affected by the favourites in the "City" going down like a lot of nine-pins and three outsiders' numbers being in the frame! The Hon. Esmé Glyn is Lord and Lady Wolverton's younger daughter. Lord Fairhaven used to be in the Tins

worth making a song and dance about, and that is what happened when fifteen hundred guests assembled to say the final "open sesame." Thousands of roses, pink and red, decorated the supper tables and, subsequently, innumerable buttonholes. The inimitable Charles, wizard among restaurateurs, was there to greet us, and everything was on the grandest scale. Congestion always spells success, so no one minded not being able to take very active steps.

Miss Jean Barry, who is such a particularly lovely shape, danced divinely in the cabaret and many theatrical lights looked on, including Miss Madeleine Carroll, Mr. Nelson Keys, Mr. Jack Buchanan, Miss Lily Elsie, and Mr. Carl Brisson. Miss de Oliveira, Miss Margaret Livingstone-Learmonth, one of the year's débutantes, and Miss Baba Beaton, in blue, were a few of the many who danced to Melville Gideon's band which, as I told you before, is one of the chief attractions of this new rendezvous. And to finish up with strawberries and cream!

Glacial is the adjective which most suitably describes the weather at the North Cotswold Point-to-Point races. These were held on the top of Springhill, so we had the full benefit of the drenching showers of

She flies frequently and has her plane in waiting at Hanworth.

Lord and Lady Brougham enjoyed their reception so much that the boat train left without them and the race by road to Dover was won with a minute to spare.

Last week I gave you an outline of all the festivities which went to launch the Dorchester; such a triumph of organization and engineering was

rain and hail which were in close attendance on the few welcome sunny intervals. A bitter blast blew too, and it was not altogether surprising that a good many people stayed at home. As a result the business of getting the cars away at the end of the day was comparatively quick, so you see the ill-wind was true to its proverbial reputation.

Mr. Herdman and Mr. Marcus Samuel were constantly catching the judge's eye.

The former won both the Lightweight and Heavyweight races, and the latter the Adjacent Hunts as well as the Old Etonian race. In this contest—a successful innovation—eleven members of the O.E. Association did battle. Mr. G. W. Norris, on Red Girl, looked like winning it after leading all the way, but Mr. Samuel and Battling Barney came up with a rush on the run in to beat him. Most exciting.



AT THE HARRINGTON POINT-TO-POINT

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, who rode the winner of the Ladies' Race, talking to someone whose name has not been communicated. The meeting was well organized by Lady Harrington, M.F.H., and was run at Aston-on-Trent, near Elvaston Castle



CITY AND SUBURBAN DAY: MR. ROBIN GROSVENOR AND LORD AND LADY NUNBURNHOLME

Winners were not extraordinarily easy to find on City and Suburban day, and the big race itself was a catastrophe to most people. The 25 to 1 winner, Anthurium, cannot have carried a lot of money, but some lucky people backed him. Lady Nunburnholme was formerly Lady Mary Thynne

I have never seen a larger tent than that provided for the farmers' lunch. It was not a bit too big, however, for the North Cotswold farmers give fox-chasing splendid support and make a point of attending the hunt meeting.

Major Fielden, the Master, and Mrs. Fielden were in capital fettle, and I also saw Mrs. Richard Arkwright, Colonel Knight and his most attractive wife, Lord and Lady Inchiquin, who came with Mrs. Stracey-Clitherow, Miss Rodocanachi, Mr. and Mrs. Milvain, and Mrs. Charles Noel. Major and Mrs. Noel occupy Campden House during the winter, but go every summer to Pitkerro, her place in Forfarshire.

Lord Manton was riding his wife's horse, Scrivener, in the Nomination race, and finished third. Another Warwickshire representative was Miss Yda Brooke. She had a runner, too, though Little Slam did not bring her winning honours. Grief was pretty prevalent during the day, Mr. Holland - Martin being the most serious casualty with a broken collar-bone.

The night before the point-to-point there was a very good prancing party at Broadway got up by Miss Taylor in aid of the Veterinary College.

(Continued overleaf)

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Meeting Sir William Orpen in his studio was one of last week's most interesting occurrences. This entertaining and charming person has a passion for musical toys both



LADY ANNE WELLESLEY AND MARGARET LADY GLENTANAR AT THE JEFFREYS-AGAR WEDDING

After the ceremony at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, last week, when Mr. Christopher Jeffreys was married to Lady Rosemary Agar, Lord and Lady Normanton's youngest daughter. Mr. Jeffreys is in the Grenadiers. Lady Anne Wellesley is Lady Glentanar's grand-daughter and the daughter of the Marchioness of Douro, who was the Hon. Lilian Coats

ancient and modern, and he set them all working for my benefit. I was fascinatingly reminded of a Hans Andersen fairy tale, as singing birds sprang from tinkling enamelled boxes of wonderful workmanship, while others trilled and twittered from gilded cages. A mechanical rabbit also claimed attention. This rose from its lair to salute me, its electric-lit eyes glowing redly.

The studio itself is very large, and one's footsteps make no sound, as the floor is entirely covered with grey-marbled rubber. Lovely crystal chandeliers and an enormous silver witch ball hang from the ceiling, and beautiful things collected from

all parts of Europe decorate the room. Sir William has a cocktail bar for his thirsty friends, and he also showed me his little chapel, in which is an exquisite fifteenth-century ivory crucifix, also a Madonna and Child, Spanish and of great age.

Correct me if I am wrong, but I fancy that Sir William is the first living artist to have a race-horse named after him. Sir John Rutherford's three-year-old son of Solario was called Orpen, out of compliment to this famous painter, who last year did a portrait of the owner. Sir William won £50 when his namesake was successful at Liverpool, and is certainly going to back Orpen if he runs in the Derby.

Big weddings are quite rare events in Ireland, as the majority of people betake themselves to London for matrimonial ceremonies. Miss Sheila Maude, however, decided that her own beautiful home, Belgard Castle, Clondalkin, was far the nicest place from which to be married to Mr. George Rice of Westwood, Massachusetts, and her friends commended her admirable choice. She looked quite lovely, I'm told, in a very simple white satin frock, her only ornament being a diamond and topaz pendant which her mother gave her. Gilded arum lilies made the bridal bouquet, and the little pages, in pale blue Romney suits, were as good as gold too, and much calmer than their four anxious mothers who hovered near apprehending trouble.

Mrs. Anthony Maude was dressed in black and grey crêpe de chine, and Mrs. Robert F. Herrick, the bridegroom's mother, wore blue with good effect. So many people were at the reception that the hand-shaking powers of Mr. and Mrs. Rice were severely tested. Mrs. Domville came with Lady Greer, and looked very well indeed in a red frock and fur coat. Sir Edward Hodson and his wife were there, and so was Mrs. Plunket, who had brought her two daughters. The presents received due admiration, particularly the sumptuous fitted dressing-case from Mrs. Bird, one of the many Americans present.

Norfolk is notorious for producing water-colour artists. Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck is a modern manifestation of this ability; Stoke Holy Cross is his home, and the surrounding country has inspired some of his latest work, though his landscapes are chiefly of Italy and France. These will all be shown at the Fine Art Gallery next month, when a collection of Mr. Birkbeck's drawings will be seen in London for the first time.

Paris has already had the chance of applauding the lovely freshness he achieves, catching the fleeting moment of light and shadow in a way that is quite charming. Here is no finicky striving for effect, but a quick hand and eye which bear out his theory that water colours should be painted in a hurry. All very well when skill such as his keeps pace with this desire for speed. A lovely study of boats with golden and yellow sails is one of Mr. Birkbeck's most successful scenes, and one Venetian landscape is especially remarkable for the snow which paid a surprise visit to the city when the artist was there to immortalize this unusual happening.

Claridge's and kings; I wonder what is the sum total of royal personages who have found this famous hotel a home from home. Its records should prove of historic interest, for it has been concerned with so many distinguished people during the past half-century. In fact the visits of royalty to Claridge's have become a tradition. There is something traditional, too, about the atmosphere of dignity it retains through all the outward changes which occur with the passage of time.

King Alfonso, whose arrival here brought forth such an outburst of expressions of sympathetic affection, went to Claridge's as a matter of course, and it's rather interesting that some sixty years ago the Empress Eugénie, under like conditions, came to London and occupied the State apartments of the hotel. It is recorded that one of her first visitors was Queen Victoria, who was so enamoured of the crinoline worn by the Empress—she had never seen one before—that H.M. immediately ordered a supply for herself. Everyone quickly followed her example, the Court circle thus becoming the court circular.

I believe this was the only occasion on which Queen Victoria ever paid a State call at an hotel.

The quantity and variety of London nights' entertainments increase each week. Prince Antoine Bibesco's play at the Gate Theatre Studio is a recent addition, and I may tell you that although written in French *The Heir* has lost neither its cleverness nor boldness by being translated into English. On the night I went to it the author's wife was holding a watching brief, with her mother, Lady Oxford, and Mr. Anthony Asquith.

Informality is the order of the evening at this little theatre, and few people came in *grande tenue*. Lady Strathcona was one who did, and another was Lady Pearson looking quite beautiful in black. Sir Neville Pearson was with her, and Mr. Michael Arlen seemed to be taking a lot of notice of the play.—With love, EVE.



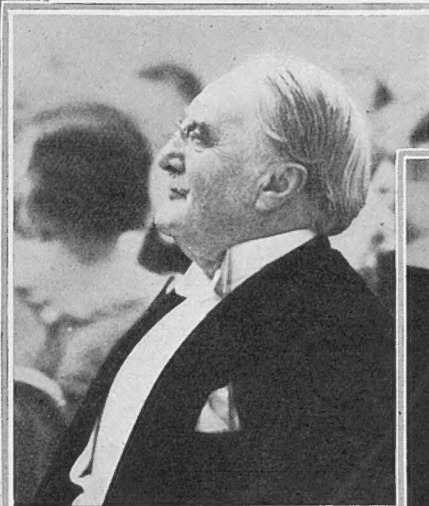
AT EPSOM: THE COUNTESS OF DURHAM AND HER MOTHER, LADY BULLOUGH

The City and Suburban Meeting was not notable for anything in the way of Spring-like weather and furs were a God-send. Lady Durham was formerly Miss Hermione Bullough, and was married on March 4 of this year

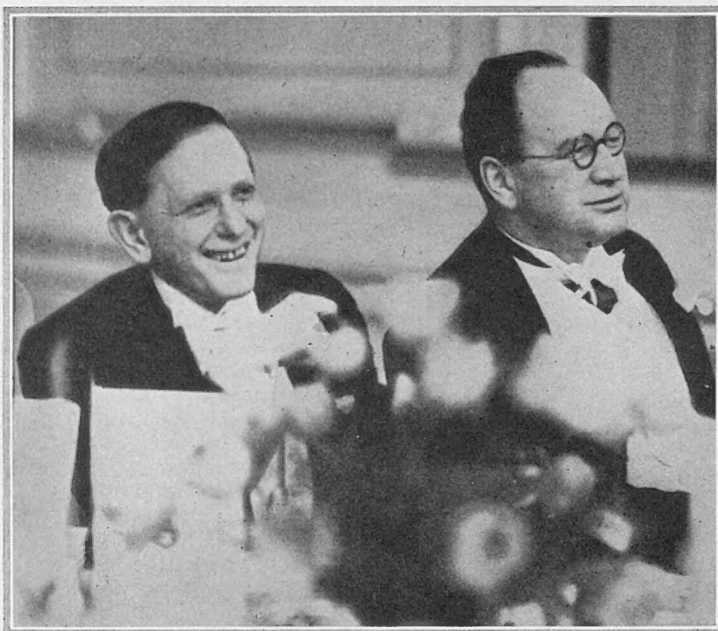
THE DINNER TO LORD RIDDELL



SIR GOMER BERRY AND LORD RIDDELL



MR. GORDON SELFIDGE

(On right) LORD MARSHALL
AND LADY RIDDELLMR. J. S. ELIAS AND SIR
WILLIAM CRAWFORD

MRS. CLYNES AND SIR NEVILLE PEARSON

Lord Riddell, who is notably the best and wittiest after-dinner speaker in England, was the guest of honour of the Advertising Association at Grosvenor House last week. Lord Riddell has been President of the Association for many long years, and right well has he filled that responsible position throughout both fair and foul weather—and advertising, as we know, has had a bad patch of the latter of late. Lord Riddell has now resigned, and this was a farewell feast! Lord Riddell is also Chairman of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association, and of many other organizations connected with journalism, and it may not be necessary to say that he is Chairman of George Newnes, Ltd. Sir Gomer Berry, another big gun of position in the newspaper world, was Chairman of the dinner, which was quite remarkable for the quality and substance of the oratory and, as will be observed from this little gallery, the company included a number of people well known in the spheres of commerce, industry, and of the present Government, as the Home Secretary and his wife were present as well as an ex-Lord Mayor of London—Lord Marshall



SIR FRANCIS GOODENOUGH AND SIR EMSLEY CARR



LT.-COL. E. F. LAWSON AND SIR HUGO HIRST

The Cinema : The Dreyfus Film

By JAMES AGATE

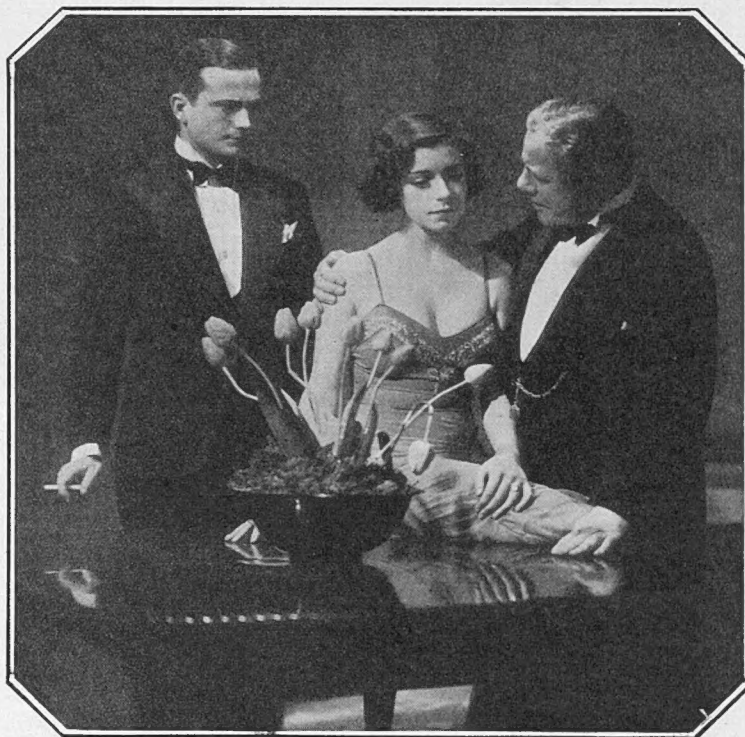
THE unhealed wound of the lost provinces and the spectre of another war were in 1894 ever present in the mind of every French patriot. What Frenchman—soldier, politician, or *bon bourgeois*—could be unaware of the menace of that young Emperor proclaiming militarism his god and prancing on a white horse and in shining armour up and down the further side of that Eastern frontier? He jests at scars that never felt a wound. Invasion can have few terrors for islanders upon whose shores no enemy has set foot for 900 years and who abroad have tasted no defeats that have seemed to matter. But the French are necessarily wiser. No film could expect to give the whole or even a tithe of the huge causes which lay behind the petty details of the Dreyfus Affair. In countries where and at a time when anybody who is hard-up and in need of a little ready-money does a little job of spying, what is it that one spy should be wrongfully accused? There comes a moment in the Dreyfus case when Count Panizzardi who was, of course, an Italian, is offered a complete plan of the defences of Nice. Panizzardi's view is that neither Italy nor Germany nor anybody else is ever going to attack Nice, that anyhow it can't be defended, and further, that this is the eleventh time he has been offered these plans which he already knows by heart. However he must suppose the poor fellow's trouble to have been worth fifty francs, which sum he proposes. A great deal of the wholesale spying which made the Dreyfus affair possible must have been made up of absurd incidents like this. It is curious that if Dreyfus had not been a Jew there never could have been any Dreyfus case. The same mis-carriage of justice might have taken place though this is extremely unlikely. But if it had taken place nobody could have bothered very much about it. The fact that Dreyfus was a Jew was sufficient to unchain a mass of passion, which it would be absurd to call religious, the like of which had not been seen since the days of the Inquisition. That human beings should tear each other to pieces, flay each other's bodies, and consign them to the flames in this world on the hypocritical pretence of saving them from the fire in the next, all because of differences of opinion as to the nature of a Supreme Being and the method of worshipping Him—all this is something to stagger the Creator and the world he has created, and incidentally rouse the pen of a Chesterton to its wildest derision and possibly deepest understanding. Never since the days when Nero let loose his lions into whose open mouths virgins ecstatically walked had Europe seen such a spectacle as this of men of honour, liberality, and kindness of mind rushing to commit acts from which a madman or a professional criminal would have recoiled. And all to keep a Jew on Devil's Island! Dreyfus's innocence jumped to the eyes of the French War Office almost before he got to Devil's Island. Anybody not blinded by passion who listened to that trial must have known Dreyfus was innocent. Now if Dreyfus had not been a Jew the French War Office would have said to itself: "Well, we've made a nice mess of it. It's an awful nuisance, of course, and we shall look very silly. But we can't let that poor devil stop on Devil's Island." But Dreyfus was a Jew, and therefore not only the Ministry for War but everybody else in France, except of course the Jews, said something quite different. What they said was: "To release Dreyfus means a defeat for anti-Semitism." The whole point to any Frenchman, then,

was not whether Dreyfus was innocent or guilty, but the effect which the quashing of his sentence would have upon their particular shade of religious susceptibility.

The Dreyfus case, then, sprang out of two emotions which have always lain dear to the French heart—love of country and detestation of the one race on earth which hasn't got a country. Complicate this by a certain number of pro-Jews, for I take it that you cannot have a violent feeling in one direction without equal reaction in the opposite direction. One is always hearing of the French anti-clericals, whence I am prepared to believe that there must be clericals. It is not to be expected that either of these parties could refrain from having a fire of religious dissension so wholly delectable as that provided by the unfortunate Dreyfus. Balzac wrote a novel entitled "*Une Ténébreuse Affaire*." But even that great master of fiction could not have imagined half the tenebriety of the *Affaire Dreyfus*. Hence we come across that extraordinary figure, Père du Lac, who has

been described as the most dangerous and unscrupulous Jesuit of his day. Père du Lac was the confessor of General Boisdeffre, one of the great powers behind the whole Affair. To the Englishman it may seem astonishing that whether Dreyfus was, or was not guilty of selling military secrets should depend upon the kind of priest chosen by a French general to hear his confession. But let us English not put on too many airs. Let us suppose that we had lost the Crimean War, and that Charles Bradlaugh, held to be an atheist, had later been accused of selling military secrets to Russia. Suppose that in the middle of the Boer War Mr. Kensit had been accused of being a spy in the pay of Kruger. Can we be absolutely certain that we, with all our national phlegm, would have been able to dissociate the spy-charge from whatever views we happen to hold in the matter of atheism and vestments. The French are an excitable race, and Heaven knows, there was enough in the Dreyfus case to excite them.

Dreyfus, the film at the London Pavilion, is an enormous credit to British International Pictures. Obviously no film can do more than present a mere skeleton of the world-famous events, and to expect that the actors should express all that lay behind the actions of Cavaignac and Generals Boisdeffre and Pellieux would have been to credit Messrs. George Zucco, Kay Souper, and Fisher White with the power to amplify Lord Burleigh's nod. Mr. Sam Livesey worthily enacts Maître Labori, and Mr. Charles Carson is admirable as Colonel Picquart, except that he credits that honest man with a sense of humour. Mr. Cedric Hardwicke's Dreyfus is a masterpiece of make-up, though in the rôle of a corpse at a funeral he has not much to do. The astounding wonder of the film is Mr. George Merritt's Zola; this is wonderful, and astounds. I do not think that any film on about one hundredth part of the Dreyfus case could be better. At a time when I was contemplating a trifling foolish adaptation of the great German play on this subject, I wrote to a well-known bookseller asking for all the literature on the subject. The bookseller, in his reply, asked for £200 on account, a banker's reference, and the name of the furniture repository to which the van-loads should be sent. Elstree must not be discouraged because it has not achieved the impossible. Its achievement of the possible is magnificent. I do not think, however, that the programme should inform us that *Major Dreyfus* is still alive. Dreyfus was promoted Lieut.-Colonel on September 26, 1918.



A SCENE IN "THE SKIN GAME" FILM

Mr. Frank Lawton as Rolf, Miss Phyllis Konstam as Chloe, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as old Hornblower, in this British International picture based on the famous Galsworthy play. This story of some modern Montagues and Capulets is familiar to most people, and makes a most excellent film

AT PUNCHESTOWN LAST WEEK



LORD ROSSE, LADY MAUREEN BRABAZON,
AND MR. AND MRS. DESMOND FITZGERALD

At the famous Punchestown meeting, which draws social support from all over Ireland, and from England too. The course is not far from The Curragh, and includes some of the most enormous obstacles. Lord Rosse's place, Birr Castle, is in King's County, and Lady Maureen Brabazon is Lord Meath's elder daughter. Mr. Desmond FitzGerald, who married Miss Veronica Villiers two years ago, is the Knight of Glin's only son



MME. ALPHAND, H.E. MRS. JAMES McNEILL,
MAJOR CONOLLY, AND MRS. C. S. BIRD (Junior)

Mrs. McNeill, the wife of the Governor-General of the Irish Free State, finds racing quite amusing, and often attends the meetings which are within motoring distance of Dublin. Mme. Alphand's husband is French Minister to the Free State, and Major Conolly is Catherine Lady Carew's brother. Mrs. Bird is an American, and very popular in Ireland, where she has hunted and raced for the past few seasons. Her horse, Heartbreak Hill, won the Prince of Wales Plate



LORD AND LADY TEIGNMOUTH

Brownsbarn, near Thomastown in County Kilkenny, is Lord and Lady Teignmouth's home. Mr. J. Morgan (on the right) is the son of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the famous millionaire. He and his wife have lately been staying at the American Legation in Dublin with Mr. and Mrs. Stirling. Mrs. Wainwright Abbott's husband has just been appointed Secretary to the American Embassy in London after holding a similar appointment in Ireland. Miss Cecilia Keppel (on left) is Lord Albemarle's grand-daughter. Her father recently married Miss Diana Grove



LADY HONOR GUINNESS, LADY VERONICA
BLACKWOOD, AND THE HON. CECILIA KEPPEL



AN AMERICAN TRIO: MRS. WAINWRIGHT
ABBOTT WITH MR. AND MRS. J. MORGAN

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

ONE feels that by this time one ought to know something about the first of the classics, but most of the evidence is very slender. Portlaw won the Severals Stakes in the most impressive way, giving away lumps of weight. At the distance his jockey eased him, and even then the others dropped back, leaving him to win in a half speed on a tight rein. The distance being only five furlongs, and the opposition probably weak, as a test it is no criterion, but the horse has a long, raking stride, and the most perfect action; he won over six furlongs as a two-year-old, and, despite his bad trick of galloping with his head on one side, I fully expect to see him win the Guineas. He needs very little work, and will be fighting fit. Cameronian is a good-looking individual, and was not at concert-pitch for his race, and I shall take it he will hardly be so by the Guineas, though by Epsom it may be a different story. If Rose En Soleil is as good as he was made out to be, it was no mean performance on the part of St. George to run him so close at 23 lb., and another nice horse in this race was Paul Pry, a big Hurry On colt, who has been allowed to grow up to himself, and gallops on like a winner over a distance. Nothing approaching a good two-year-old won a race at the meeting, though some may have run that will shine later. One cannot be the only journalist to write about Newmarket without mentioning the very beautiful fox-fur worn by a well-known enthusiast. It is to be hoped it was a bagman dug out of the Hudson Bay country. Some of the smaller hats now worn must be stuck on to the back of the head in the fashion of a motor-licence on to a pane of glass; there would seem to be no other way except perhaps "capillary" attraction.

Mr. Fred Wilmot doesn't have the reward he deserves for his enterprise in giving good stakes at Lingfield, and the Spring Stakes, the entries for which showed promise of making such

an interesting race, cut up to a match between a couple of very uninteresting horses. Jacopo was in the end not given a run in public, and his first appearance will be in the Guineas, though the Derby is his primary objective. Captain "Cecil" Rochfort's horses are running into form, and this horse has justified his position as Derby favourite.

Monday at Epsom was a perisher—bitter cold, draughty, and depressing, with the going deeper than it has been since Sansovino's Derby—when racing on the five-furlong course was impossible. The Metropolitan is one of the prettiest races of the year to watch, but the result didn't help to brighten the day much.



MICHAEL BEARY AND LORD PORTMAN

Lord Portman, whose colours are black, orange sleeves, cardinal cap, trains with R. Farquharson at Tilshead, and Michael Beary frequently gets up and rides for him when available. Lord Portman is Joint Master with Colonel Speke of the Taunton Vale Hounds, and he was formerly Joint Master of the Warwickshire

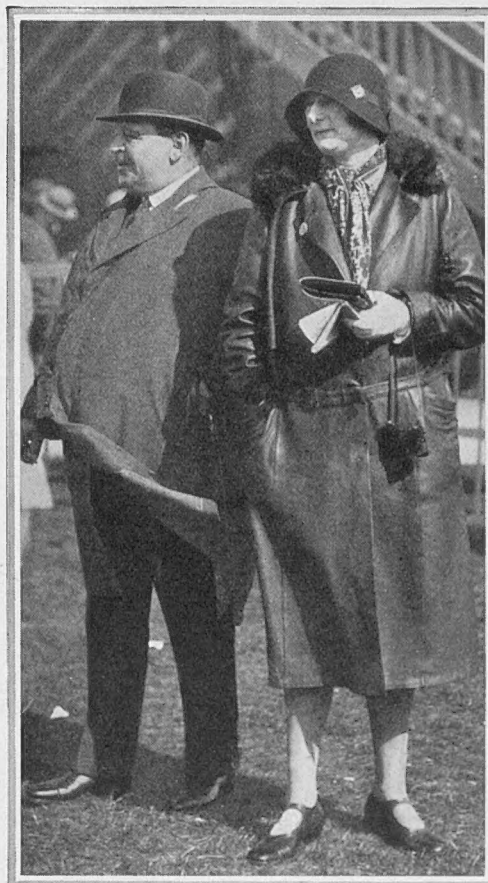
Lady Marjorie won the Prince of Wales Handicap with some ease, and will not be far out of it in the One Thousand and Oaks. Lemnarchus won the Non-such, thus proving that a Friar Marcus can get a mile, but Portlaw got six furlongs better than he did last year, and should beat him over a mile. Golden King was a shade lucky to win the Great Surrey, Polar Bear, ridden by Donoghue, who is as great an artist as ever on this course, being baulked right on the post.

Whether it was fear of the climate or whether it was the general depression the members' enclosure on City and Suburban day had the most meagre attendance, less than many a hunt meeting. A great many of the regular racing army seemed to be absent, but there was the usual number of people whom one seldom sees except at Epsom, consisting of elderly gentlemen in brown bowler hats and "down the road" boxcloth overcoats who, not having missed a Derby since the year of the Great Exhibition, know the meeting as well as Frank Bare and Golly Eyes put together. Another point, perhaps, about the enclosure is that by entering through the trainers' passage and remaining at that end the spectator can get a perfect view of the racing without becoming visible to the gentlemen behind the rails, which might also explain the presence of some of the milk in the cocoanut. Probably the absentees were right, for the string of double figures on the starting price return board showed that not many backers had got ahead of the game. Flushed with the downfall of two successive favourites after a string of losing days, and possibly also slightly encarmened by the Cordons Rouge and Bleu, one layer is said to have taken a grave liberty with the winner of the big race and done enough stuff to keep a working class family for a decade. This would appear, however, to be only an isolated instance, as the heaviest money seemed to come for Sol De Terre, who, unable to get through all the way round the bend, only found an opening when the race was over. This is a really nice horse and will win Mrs. McKean a good race.

Whether the Aga Khan's Dastur is a good one time will show, but the market didn't disclose any confidence in him. Anyway he is good looking and well enough bred.

The climax of an unfortunate day was the Tadworth plate, in which quite a few got out on "Atty's" Parchment at a nice price, only to see the emblem of socialism flying from the mast-head as soon as the horses got back to the weighing enclosure. This was shortly replaced by a green burgee, signifying that the objection was sustained, and unwilling to tempt fortune any further on the worse than moderate animals in the apprentice race, a saddened host of backers started back for London.

It is with great sorrow that we record the death of Mrs. Beer, and we offer our deepest sympathy to Mr. Sydney Beer in his loss.



AT THE MUSSELBURGH RACES: CAPTAIN AND LADY MURIEL LIDDELL-GRAINGER

Edinburgh's own racecourse, at the Spring Meeting of which this snapshot was taken, is a very good one and quite adjacent. Lady Muriel Liddell-Grainger is the Earl and Countess of Lindsey's only daughter. Captain Liddell-Grainger, whom she married in 1922, has his seat at Ayton Castle, Berwickshire

SOME ROYAL FUSILIERS



THE 1ST CITY OF LONDON CADETS—BY FRED MAY

A little gallery, collected upon a recent occasion, of some officers of the Battalion, which is now known as the 1st City of London Cadets. The Commandant, Colonel Philip Carlebach, C.M.G., T.D., is on the council of the British National Cadet Association; the Colonel of the Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel F. T. Fletcher, the oldest member of it; and the Second-in-Command, Major M. Karo, known at headquarters as "Max," is commanding the Stock Exchange Company. The City Battalion has just come under the Territorial Army axe. Most of the officers are well-known members of the Stock Exchange

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Loneliness.

WHAT loneliness stalks the world! Loneliness trying to hide itself behind a hundred pursuits, a continuous artifice. Loneliness trying to drug itself by interests which interest but never satisfy. Loneliness which is frightened of itself, yet frightened most of all because the mind knows that from it there is no escape in all life. It is so difficult to combine in our lives just the amount of affection which the heart demands with an equal amount of that aloneness upon which also the soul insists. One can be so lonely among other people; and yet to be alone, to be too long alone, makes us as frightened children in the dark—beset by the haunting spectre of our own defencelessness. Love, I suppose, is the only thing which makes us feel that we are not lost in an ocean of wasted years. And yet love can bring to life a loneliness which, being actually alone, is as being hemmed in by a crowd. Besides, love is so insistent; it makes demands upon our time which life is too brief to accord. It is so necessary for us to be alone quite often—necessary for the development of our personality, necessary to achieve those hours of silent contemplation in which we can interpret the significance of our own existence. Love is a tie, an awful responsibility. A willing bondage, if you will, especially when we are very young. Later on, there grows up within us something which demands more than mere caresses, more than close companionship, more than the thousand-and-one duties which devotion demands for its sustenance and staying power. Love is not enough; yet without it nothing else is quite sufficient. So we approach that hidden loneliness of middle age which shows itself in a hundred guises, each equally pathetic. It is so difficult in life to live alone and yet live without loneliness. Contrariwise, there seems only the too close contacts of affection, and that solitude which comes of the turmoil of a too near proximity even with those we love. So there seems to be no escape from the inevitable vacant chamber in the mansion of our life's dreams. Always we try to fill it; rarely we succeed. It is the realization of this "vacant chamber" which makes Colette's novel, "Rénée Néré" (Nash and Grayson. 7s. 6d.), so much more than the moving story of a lonely, disillusioned woman no longer young. The story was published a good many years ago and under the title of "La Vagabonde" made Colette's great literary reputation. I have often wondered why it was not translated into our language before, because its appeal is universal. It is the story of a woman whose unfaithful husband killed her heart. Her world blamed her for leaving him, for seeking a divorce. "Unfaithfulness," they said. . . . "What does it matter after the first shock?" Especially as otherwise he is good to her." In life, however, there is always one supreme



MR. AND MRS. MOSS DAVIS OF AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

Who celebrated their diamond wedding at Monte Carlo recently, received a congratulatory telegram from Their Majesties, an honour which naturally they greatly value. On the left behind is Mr. Ernest Davis, their eldest son

soul-calamity, after which nothing else matters very much ever again. In the life of poor Rénée Néré it was the cruel disillusion of her first love. Divorced, she became a dancer on the Paris music-halls. She was free: she was earning her own living; she became the mistress of her own fate. Yet all the time she was lonely. It seemed so meaningless, this living for herself alone. So unworthwhile this existence from day to day—a nightly exhibition for the crowd, a second-rate star moving in a second-rate orbit. Marvellously has Colette described

the pitiful loneliness of a woman "on her own," a woman growing old alone. Yet from this loneliness there was for Rénée Néré no escape, since that power to love which had once been hers was now dead. The roots had been severed; only the blossom remained, dying steadily day by day. Nevertheless she tried so hard to love again—to love the man who came into her life and for whom she was the glorious "first love" which years ago the man she had married had been for her. She tried to believe for a time that in this second blooming she would be able to recapture something of the loveliness of her first trust and belief. Then gradually she realized that something within her was dead, something within her had outgrown mere human passion. She might pretend, but such pretence would not be fair on the man who loved her. She had lived alone too long. She could not once again put on the fetters of marriage, with its daily ministrations to love, its dangers, for ever haunted by the fearful knowledge that sooner or later—quite soon, in fact—she would be a middle-aged woman utterly defenceless against younger and more beautiful women, yet bound financially and by habit to a husband who, while never actually to blame, would nevertheless repeat in her life the early torture from which she had managed to escape. Living alone, this could not happen to her. Free and independent, she could not be the prey of another's nature in the relentless captivity of marriage. Middle-aged, she would never again be able to carve out a destiny of freedom a second time. She would have to endure everything, every inevitable thing, because she would have nowhere to go; at best she would once again have to win, and at an even greater disadvantage, that victory over disillusion from which a profession had at least helped her partially to escape, giving her freedom.

Thoughts from "Rénée Néré."

"Loneliness is a strong wine which makes one drunk with freedom; at other times it is a very bitter tonic, and then again, a maddening poison causing one to dash one's head against the wall."

"The least gifted of women quickly knows her 'business' when freedom and liberty depend upon it."

"It is only the first forgiving that is hard."

"It is in little else except affliction that a woman can rise above mediocrity."

A Disappointing Novel.

"Men Dislike Women" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is an excellent title, forcing curiosity; but I am inclined to think that it is the best thing in Michael Arlen's new novel. Otherwise it

(Continued on p. 118)



MR. A. G. BUCKHAM

The well-known airman artist and photographer, specimens of whose beautiful sea- and air-scapes have appeared many times in "The Tatler," Mr. Buckham has been asked by a publishing house in New York to take for them a series of photographs in the Two Americas, and he departs almost at once upon his interesting mission, which will take him from New York to Buenos Aires and back up the Mississippi Valley—20,000 miles and more

AFTER THE BUDGET

By George Belcher



Barber : Hair cut, sir ?

Depressed Customer : No ; throat, please

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

is written far too deliberately on one note—the note of a somewhat trivial sophistication rather like that dreary, second act of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*. So much of this kind of thing, for instance: "But don't you think that American women are much better-looking than European?" "On the whole, yes. But let me think. Yes, on the whole they are. Oh, yes, much! For one thing American women have prettier legs." "Legs are darn important," she said. "They are jolly useful," I said. "I mean long, slim ones . . ." Or again: "How do you mean I impose seriousness on myself?" "Well, fancy not using any powder or rouge. It's all part of your artificial seriousness." And so on and on and on. Another fault the novel has—one cannot take the least interest in any of the characters, except perhaps the hero's sister-in-law, who tries to drug the memory of her own loneliness and her husband's infidelity by persecuting with invitations anybody who happens at the moment to be in the news. But this woman is only a very subsidiary character. The chief ones are an Englishwoman with a decided past, as the Edwardians regarded a woman's history, who fell in love with a rich American racketeer, but dreaded that he should ever learn that she had had lovers, because, strange as it may appear, he worshipped virginity; and a young American girl, who was indeed a virgin, but also from the Edwardian standpoint didn't act that difficult rôle at all convincingly. The hero, a young Frenchman, who loved the American girl but spent his whole time in America tidying up other people's lives, is very little more than a mouthpiece with an inclination to extreme sentimentousness. He scarcely counts as a character at all. To be quite honest, the first hundred pages of the novel approximate too closely to dully, bright padding, but round about page one hundred the plot begins to wake up. It never touched enthrallment perhaps, but there is a murder (or is it a suicide?) at the end, and the incidents which lead up to it are interesting in a mild way. Indeed, the popularity of the story will likely depend solely upon the manner in which it is written, and this does quite often show Mr. Arlen at something approaching his shrewd and amusing best. Nevertheless, even he cannot disguise the fact that if this be a picture of American Bright Young Life, it is very noisy and superficial and dull, in a vulgar, meretricious kind of way. One character is murdered at the end, but if the whole lot had been done in I don't think any reader would mind over much. Their brains seem to be entirely in their clothes, and their hearts are not stirred by anything beyond the needs of their bodies. A little of their society can go an inordinately long way, as this novel proves.

Thoughts from "Men Dislike Women."

"The first lesson a young man has to learn is that he must forgive his father, for he knew not what he did."

"Women are so easily taken in by a man who makes them rely on their intuition."

"It is said that any woman who takes trouble can get the man she wants, but the truth is that every man gets the woman he wants by the simple process of thinking her into being that woman. And he does this quite regardless of what she within herself is like."

"The world will forgive the thief and assassin, but bitterly resents the person who gives something for nothing."

"The man to whom another man is instinctively attracted is more than likely to attract the same woman."

"Water is the hand-maiden of American civilization. And gin is the kitchenmaid."

"Though everyone is equally good at it, how proud people are of being able to be unhappy."

A Brilliant Study of Family Life.

But if "Men Dislike Women" disappointed me, that disappointment was amply compensated for by Miss Compton Burnett's new novel, "Men and Wives" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Here you have the story of real men and women; abnormal maybe, yet nevertheless intensely alive. Interesting, too, in themselves as well as in their human reactions to one another. The authoress sets us down in the midst of a family conflict. Her story, told almost completely by means of dialogue, is always lifelike and occasionally brilliant. The Haslam family may perhaps be an abnormal one, but we have all known people exactly like each individual member of it.

The theme of the novel is the struggle for power between Lady Haslam and the other members of her family. Prematurely old, worn down by the results of in-breeding and an intensive religious life, Lady Haslam strives to bend her husband and her children to her will. Not for their own good, though that is her belief, but simply to dominate, to command. Her husband, fussy, pompous, a weak character painted to resemble iron, resents his wife's domination while being unable to repel it except by a series of futile revolts. The children, Mathew, Jermyn, Gregory, and Griselda, live, however, in open



"COO! WOT A MAN!"

revolution against their mother. For a long time this revolt results only in a series of skirmishes, but the crisis arrives at last when Lady Haslam has a passage at arms with her eldest son. Pretences between them are no more. They stand as two enemies fighting for a false cause, since the real one is that mother and son are alike mentally and physically. The mother's death is but a logical conclusion to her inner life and character. Not a very happy picture, you may suggest? No, it certainly is not. Yet it is powerful, moving, true. Miss Compton Burnett's ruthless exposure of human frailties has a sardonic humour about it which carries complete conviction, because such "masks," covering such realities as she presents, one has known from experience in one's own life; perhaps in one's own self. "Men and Wives" is an unusual book. Unpleasant, yet brilliantly executed. Best of all, it leaves a deep impression, and this, when so many stories leave no impression at all five minutes after you have finished reading them, places it among the notable novels of the season.

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND

"SOUL'S DARK COTTAGE" (6s.)

BY RICHARD KING

Order Now

Hodder and Stoughton.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR: PLEASANT FAMILY CIRCLES



WITH THEIR DAUGHTER:
MR. JAMES AND LADY
MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY

Jane Mairi Margaret Drummond-Hay and her cousin, Christopher Douglas Mackintosh, the son of Mr. Charles and Lady Jean Mackintosh, shared a christening ceremony last week, and their grand-parents entertained a large house party at Ferne for this important occasion. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay is the younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton. Both she and her sister, Lady Jean Mackintosh, were married in Salisbury Cathedral, which provided the beautiful setting for the double christening. Lady Radnor, who is seen in the pleasant group on the right, was married in 1922, and is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adeane of Babraham. Her husband succeeded as 7th Earl of Radnor on the death of his father last year. Their children are: Left to right—Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Folkestone, the Hon. Reuben Pleydell-Bouverie, who was christened in February, and Lady Jane Pleydell-Bouverie. Charles Adeane (second from the right) is the son of Lady Radnor's only brother



THE HON. MRS. ALEXANDER BARING AND HER SONS

A charming portrait study taken at 1, Hyde Park Square. Mrs. Alexander Baring was the Hon. Doris Harcourt before her marriage, and is the eldest of Lord Harcourt's three sisters. Her husband, the Hon. Alexander Francis St. Vincent Baring, Lord Ashburton's only son, was formerly in the Scots Greys and is now a Managing Director of Baring Brothers. The very junior Baring brothers in this picture are called John Francis Harcourt and Robin Alexander respectively



LADY RADNOR WITH HER FAMILY AND HER NEPHEW, CHARLES ADEANE

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

"The Tatler" Scheme.

ALL crowd movements, mass advances, simultaneous stampededings, scrummages, and scrimmages; all concerted charges; all gold rushes and diamond rushes; all bus rushes and tube crushes pale into insignificance beside the air rush which was begun by the appearance of the Special Flying Number of THE TATLER with its trial flying lesson coupon. It had no sooner come out than people desirous of taking advantage of the offer of free flying instruction began to arrive at aerodromes all over the country with their copies under their arms. By the evening of the first day the full complement of pupils had been accepted at many of the aerodromes. Those who were most enthusiastic in their belief in amateur aviation never dared to imagine that the wish to fly was so wide-spread and so strong. A high official in the civil department of the Air Ministry told me that the response to THE TATLER was the most encouraging thing he had seen in amateur flying for over five years. As I was not personally the originator of the scheme I am entitled to say that it was a success. Two hours after the special number appeared it was evident to those who were anxiously watching events that failure was out of the question; four hours after, it was evident that the greatest scheme devised for the assistance of private and club flying since the formation of the subsidized clubs was a triumphant success.

The belief that thousands of people all over the country were ready to fly and only awaited a specific stimulus to start them, was shown to be correct; the means of applying that specific stimulus was shown to be well-chosen. At a single stroke the number of those set well on their way towards their "A" licences was increased many times over. The irrational but nevertheless almost omni-present initial resistance to flying experienced by hundreds of people all over England has been broken down and the entire movement given a forward impulse comparable only with that it received when Sir Sefton Brancker obtained the help of the Treasury in starting the clubs. One of the important features of the working of the scheme is that those who are presenting themselves



THE HON. VICTOR AND MRS. BRUCE

At the opening of the new Country Flying Club at Aston Clinton, near Aylesbury, where the going underfoot was extremely heavy, hence the pick-a-back operations. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, heroine of the great flight to Japan, performed the opening ceremony

at the aerodromes for TATLER flying lessons are the type of people who are wanted in aviation. They are the genuine enthusiasts, psychologically and physiologically fitted for piloting aircraft and having the necessary means to become useful club members or private aeroplane owners.

How many vacancies will still remain for free lessons at the various clubs and schools by the time these notes appear it is impossible to foretell. Heroic work has already been done by the staffs at the aerodromes in coping with those who have presented themselves. But this much has been shown: that THE TATLER speaks directly to all those who fly or who hope to fly. In every flying club and every flying school in the kingdom it is read. That might be a simple matter of organization and of treating those matters which interest flying people. But, more important, it is also read by all those who are contemplating flying, who hope to be able to fly in the near future, and whose aim it is to possess an aeroplane, whether a fifth-hand anonymous bi-plane or a svelt, dough-nutted modern machine. The response to the scheme has proved that point. And now, before leaving the subject, I must again mention that the scheme was not originated by me, and that therefore the charge cannot be brought against me that in the above comments I have been unduly immodest.

* * *

Country Clubs.

Another country club, Aston Clinton, has established its own aerodrome. It will not be long before an aerodrome is as essential to a country club as a drive and a front door. Clearly the aeroplane, which multiplies the holiday range of its owner by about three, is one of the country club's best allies. And if they do what the Aston Clinton and one or two others have done, the country clubs can return the compliment and become the aeroplane's best allies. The owners of country houses also should remember that a field 500 yards square or less, with a flat grass surface, will bring their aeronautical friends to see them and will give them a *spring board* for the whole of Europe. If the surfaces of the fields available are not flat enough, it is to be remembered that the science of making them flat for aerodrome purposes has been carefully studied, and that

(Continued on p. vi)



THE PRINCESS ILEANA OF RUMANIA AT BADEN-BADEN WITH A FRIEND

The Princess Ileana of Rumania, sister of the King, is a keen private owner, and this picture was taken just after she had landed at Baden



AT THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE FLYING CLUB AT HESTON

Mr. R. L. Preston, Coldstream Guards, hon. sec. of the Household Brigade Flying Club, and Lieut.-Colonel T. Hay, who owns an Avro-Avian. The H.B.F.C.'s newly-acquired Spartan is very popular



Lenart

THE HON. MRS. BARRAN AND HER DACHSHUND

Who answers with alacrity to the name of "Snoutie," and is a very good companion. Sir John Barran's daughter-in-law was married two years ago. In the days when she was the Hon. Alison Hore-Ruthven she and her twin sister—they were inseparable—used to be the moving spirits in every kind of enterprising entertainment which originality could devise. Their likeness to each other is remarkable, and a deliberate deception of their friends as to their identity has more than once been successfully practised. A portrait of Mrs. John Barran and the Hon. Margaret Hore-Ruthven, painted by Cadogan Cowper, R.A., will be on view at Burlington House when the Royal Academy opens on Friday, May 1

THE PASSING SHOWS

"White Horse Inn," at the Coliseum



THE TYROL IN OUR MIDST

A panorama of "White Horse Inn" from the stalls of the revolutionized Coliseum, showing how Professor Stern's mountain scenery in this gargantuan production trespasses into the auditorium in a riot of local colour



EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS

Leopold, the head-waiter (Mr. Clifford Mollison), wins at long last Josepha (Miss Lea Seidl), proprietress of the White Horse Inn

SOME people still insist on calling it the Coliseum, but I prefer the Tyroleum, because the home of *White Horse Inn* and Sir Oswald Stoll's old music-hall seem to bear as little resemblance to each other as does the roof of Paddington Station to the Taj Mahal; moreover, your entry into the Tyrol is instantaneous and convincing. There is no question of waiting for the illusion until the rise of the curtain. The urge to yodel comes upon you the moment the doors of the frontier are swung open by a gentleman with a sergeant-major's physique and a highly-cultivated black moustache. He wears a green night-cap and boy-scout's trouserings. You will see him later leaping upon taxi-cabs in the Oberland of the Charing Cross Road with the agility of a mountain goat. Around him hover a bevy of Merry Peasantesses in national regalia, eager to speed you on your journey. Along the corridors no walls are visible. They are hidden by paint and canvas. Here is an amusing map; there a picture of a tourist wearing the Tyrolese velour at a jaunty angle.

The first act of the visitor on entering the auditorium is to stand stock still and exclaim, "Where am I?" At each side of the proscenium arch wings of scenery cover up the space normally occupied by tiers of boxes. The *White Horse Inn* is evidently so hospitable that it thrusts out its multi-coloured gables, gay balconies, and intriguing latticed windows in a preliminary invitation to Come Inside. Quaint decorations—festoons and medallions—are hung everywhere, as if for some unusual gala. The drop curtains are up, and a dimly-lit frontal screen of dark fir trees towers into a blue-green sky.

From the prompter's domain a long, low, narrow platform, on which are chairs and tables, juts out



across the front of the stage. This, as you will soon discover, is not a fixture. It moves at convenient moments, as when a charabanc party of tourists arrives for breakfast or when a river steamer, with revolving paddles and smoke emanating from its funnel, hoves in sight and comes to rest within jumping distance of the hotel's best-bedroom's balcony. The curtain is now up. Mr. Charles Prentice is manœuvring his massive orchestra and the charms of the Tyrol are unleashed before our astonished gaze. On the right, the White Horse Inn; opposite, a cluster of toy chalets, each with a colour scheme a shade brighter than its neighbour's. In the centre, a sort of mysterious hollow, reserved for steamships and the like, and later, acting as a reservoir for a shower of real rain when a thunderstorm, with the most cunning and life-like cloud effects, darkens the sunny serenity of the landscape and falls with kindly concentration and a proper regard for the massed umbrellas of the villagers. At the back, the glittering peaks of the snow-capped mountains, and a sky of Mediterranean blueness. A lovely scene, inaugurated in proper style by a lady yodeller (Miss Friedl Lusser) with milk to sell, and a remarkable control of whatever portion of the throat is responsible for this remarkable art. Among an array of costumes which seems to run into thousands—tourists, waitresses, chambermaids, porters, guides, lusty-voiced children, dairymaids, shepherds, cowherds, singers, dancers, foresters—the eye has barely time to record one impression before another wave of colour and movement turns the process of mental photography into a series of blurred images.

When it is time for a change of scene, the row of fir trees slides across the stage from the wings; while a yew hedge, bearing a finger-post directing us "To the Cowshed," or "To the Public

MR. JACK BARTY

The Bootle manufacturer of underwear that buttons up the back disports himself in Tyrolean overwear that yodels down the front

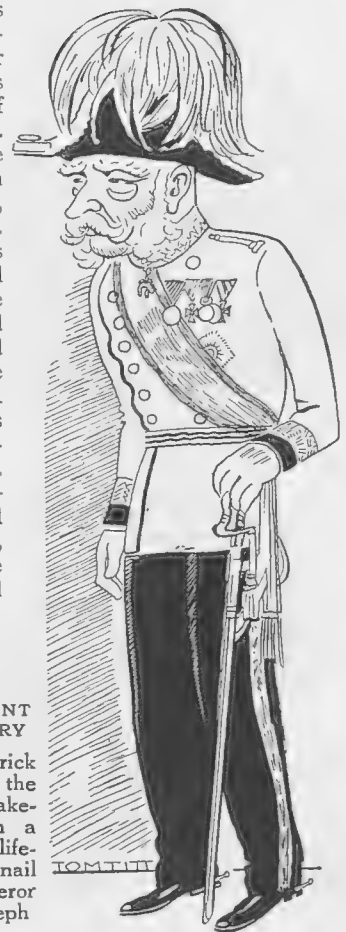
Baths," or some other equally picturesque destination, performs a similar manœuvre in front of them. To give the scene-setters time for their finishing touches a little procession of boy scouts or perhaps a comedian or two (stout fellows) slip on through a gap in the hedge and engage our attention until the revolving stage in the background is ready for the next surprise. The cowshed, the garden restaurant, and the baths are little pavilions with a family resemblance. There are five doors on the verandah, and behind each is a saxophonist or a horn-blower ready to reinforce the orchestra with appropriate syncopations. The four life-size cows are mechanically perfect in working their eloquent jaws and wagging their comical heads. There is no water in the baths, but the chorus ladies by holding hands and undulating by ranks give a far more artistic impression of swimming than could be achieved by any outward show of moisture. Here, again, one is smitten with wonderment at the range and resources of the lighting system.

The glimpse of the Mountain Top is enchanting—a tiny wooden house, gaily coloured, nestling at the foot of a sharp peak tinged with the roseate hues of a dawn brighter, if not earlier, than that of the hymn. The kind of house you would expect to meet in a Hans Andersen fairy tale and soon discover to

(Continued on p. x)

A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY

Mr. Frederick Leister stills the riot of make-believe with a moving and life-like thumb-nail of the Emperor Francis Joseph



ONE PAIR OF LOVERS—

Portrait of a London Solicitor (Mr. Bruce Carfax) dressed for golf and/or dalliance with a Bright Young Thing from Bootle (Miss Rita Page)



—AND ANOTHER

Mr. George Gee and Miss Mary Lawson have something to do with the plot, but are more concerned with song and dance

THE PLEASANT WAY OF THE WORLD



AT ALDERSHOT 'CHASES: MISS CAMPBELL
AND HER SISTER



AT LINGFIELD: LORD ROSEBERY, MAJOR AND
MRS. EVANS (CAMILLE CLIFFORD), AND MRS.
TABOR (back to camera)



AT ALDERSHOT: MISS ARMSTRONG
PAYN AND MISS MILNE



LORD AND LADY COKE AND THE
HON. MARY COKE



LADY SHAFTESBURY AND THE
DUCHESS OF HAMILTON



LADY MONTAGU AND LORD MONTAGU
AND THE HON. CECILE MONTAGU

The Aldershot 'chases, at which two of the pictures at the top were taken, were the customary success, and it is a definite fact that anything in connection with sport on four legs has had a great push ever since the present C.-in-C. Aldershot, General Sir "Soarer" Campbell, has had it. He won the National on the then Mr. Willie Hall-Walker's "The Soarer" in 1896. The owner is now Lord Wavertree. The General's two daughters are seen in one of the pictures. Miss Milne, who is the other Aldershot snapshot, is a daughter of F.-M. Sir George Milne, who has been Master-Gunner since 1929, and was formerly C.I.G.S. Lord Rosebery is the senior Steward of the Jockey Club—Lord Zetland having retired in rotation. All the lower pictures were taken at the wedding of Lord Malcolm Douglas Hamilton, the second son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, at historic Beaulieu Abbey in Hampshire, the seat of the present Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, who is with his mother. The bride was Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon, a cousin of the Duchess of York, and the only child of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, the brother and sister-in-law of the Earl of Strathmore.

JACK'S THE LAD—"BETWEEN THE BOLLARDS"



NOBBY (CAPTAIN F. BURGESS WATSON) AND BERT (LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. W. DARWIN)



"HAVE HIS BERLOOD!" MARGARITA (CAPTAIN B. W. KNOWLES), ELIZABETH (LIEUTENANT C. LOEHNIS), AND HERMAN (PAY-MASTER-CAPTAIN E. P. GOLDSMITH)



HARD-BOILED HORACE (LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. S. COWIE)



MAKING THEM UP: FLAG-LIEUT.-COMMANDER G. C. H. CLAYTON, LIEUTENANT C. LOEHNIS, AND LIEUTENANT R. T. WHITE



A REHEARSAL: CAPTAIN B. W. KNOWLES, R.M., AS CARLOTTA, LIEUTENANT R. T. WHITE AS JO-JO, PAY-LIEUT. R. H. RUMP AS GEORGE, LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. S. COWIE AS PIERRE, PAY-LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. D. PEARCE AS BORIS, LIEUTENANT D. E. COX AS BUDDY

This amusing variety show was produced by the officers of H.M.S. "Nelson" when the combined Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets were at Gib. and was a tremendous credit to all hands concerned. In the course of some very amusing patter the audience was entertained with the Lower Deck view of naval operations and the High-Ups who concoct them, and there was not a dull line in the whole book. The plot of the opera, "Der Gelustvol und Bluthige Hund," with which the centre picture at the top deals, is like this: This opera, considered by many to be Tripe-ski's masterpiece, was not first played at Milan in 1892, nor in Vienna in 1896, nor at Turin in 1904. In the opinion of eminent music lovers, Tripe-ski here reaches the greatest heights of sublimity, and in no other work of his does he show such tender handling of a great passion. The opera opens very quietly with a lovely movement depicting the mystery which reigns in mountain solitudes at sunrise. Presently the clouds gather, raindrops fall, the air is rent by the storm. The sweet cadences of the "Shaving Song" (one can almost hear the soap flakes falling), the tender simplicity and the simple tenderness of the Sisters' lament, and Herman's dying profession of his faith in Elizabeth combine to raise this work of Tripe-ski's into the first rank of opera

Photographs by Charles E. Brown



THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRINE OF PRUSSIA

An exclusive picture of the elder daughter of the ex-Crown Prince of Prussia, who may be better remembered in this country by those who have any recollection of "the War" as "Little Willie." The Princess is only sixteen

those convenient little wheel chairs—they abound but nobody ever seems to use them—and thus visit the show with a minimum of physical effort. However, not having reached the decrepit age that would render such a mode of locomotion permissible, I am weak enough to fear ridicule and I shall therefore have to trudge around alternately sweatin' (in the conservatories and animal houses) or shiverin' (in the picture galleries or other cold-storage halls), bad-tempered and weary by reason of the little pebbles that slip into one's shoes from the loose gravel that invariably bestrews the grounds of every exhibition I have ever visited.

Despite these minor draw-backs that my caviling disposition magnifies unduly, the Exposition Coloniale will be, of course, some show! The 115 hectares (one acre equals 0.405 hectare, so work it out for yourself, dearie, if the spirit so moves you!) that the grounds and buildings cover will form a microcosm that will allow one (pebbles permitting) to travel, in one afternoon, from Iceland's greeny mountains (so to write) to the French Congo; from the Soudan to Guadeloupe; from . . . but turn to Gill's geography, Très Cher, and finish the paragraph as best suits your roaming fancy. I am told that the architectural section will be remarkably complete, showing, as it will, a range of typical buildings from the hut of the Eskimo to the house of George Washington at Mount Vernon! Every kind of *habillement* will also be on view from the Sunday string of beads of the poor benighted heathen to the sumptuosities of the most bejewelled Princes of Annam.

Yes, my dear, come over if you can. I think you will find the trip quite worth while. But, on the other hand, you must not leave

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Très Cher —Are you coming over for the Colonial Exhibition that opens at Vincennes on May 2? I think I should try to if I were you although usually (I humbly confess) an exhibition is not a form of entertainment (educational though it may be) that enchants me. Too much noise and dust and shove-as-shove-best-can about it all for comfort. My idea of enjoyment would be to hire one of

London on May 27, for that is the date of Argentina's first dance recital, presented by Mr. Cochran, at the Pavillon. Argentina at last in London! It seems so strange to us who have known and admired and loved her for so long that she has not been to England since her attainment of universal fame. It is true that for the last three years she has been so busily and triumphantly touring the world that we have only had her in Paris, her second home, on rare occasions. A short rest and two recitals last year and this year, since her return from the States in February, she has only appeared once in public, in the cause of charity. She has been wonderfully good to the poor of France, and has been awarded the Légion d'Honneur for her many great services. She is, I believe, the only foreign artiste to have been thus honoured. At present she is touring in Central Europe, and will only return from Vienna in time to fulfil her London engagement. Later I will write of her again, nearer the date of her début.

I went to the opening day of the Toulouse-Lautrec Exhibition that is now drawing crowds to the Pavillon de Marsan at the Louvre. The bourgeois of his day condemned him for his *gout de la crapule*, but now they flock to admire and gape in front of his simplest sketch. Toulouse-Lautrec was the descendant of the famous Comtes de Toulouse, who have held their title since Charlemagne. Strange, wizened, warped little man he passed his short life—he died at the early age of thirty-seven—in the strangest *milieux* of the underworld, living at times, exactly as one might live at an hotel, in houses of ill-fame. In this he was the Verlaine of the painting world. He loved also the atmosphere of the public dance halls of his time, of the *coulisses* of the circus and the fairs and the populous *café-chantants*. His portraits of such "sad celebrities" as Valentin le Désossé, his dancing partner La Goulue, and her friend Grille d'Egout are world famous. He really loved these people (*et pourquoi pas, mon Dieu?*); they were his friends in the finest sense of the word.



MLLE. MARCELLE DENYA

The beautiful singer of the Paris Grand Opera, who despite her youth has "created" so many of *Messager's* operas, "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Coup de Roulis," etc., and more recently, Louis Brydt's "Moineau." Mlle. Denya recently made her "talkie" début in "A Caprice of Madame Pompadour"

When La Goulue died a few years ago, an old, old woman who had woefully outlived her time, there were found, amongst the few sordid rags she left, the fragments of an immense canvas sign that Lautrec had painted for her to hang outside her caravan when, on account of her weight, she gave up dancing and became a lion-tamer, touring the country fairs. Another of his famous models was the beautiful Jane Avril, who, in her hey-day—about '92—was nicknamed *Mélinite*. His studies of her—"Jane April Dancing," "Jane April at the Moulin Rouge," "Jane April and the Japanese Divan"—are indeed three of the pictures that attracted most attention the other afternoon . . . especially from a very elderly and sedate and somehow still strangely seductive visitor who wandered from one picture to another, looking at them with the intentness that one has for old friends that one has not seen for a long while. It was Jane Avril herself, who, happier than La Goulue, is ending her days in a quiet suburban retreat.—Love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.

STRAIGHT FROM THE FOLIES BERGÈRE



LA GORGONE EN FURIE: A SPECTACULAR SCENE IN L'USINE À FOLIES



A FLORENTINE EPISODE IN THE FOLIES BERGÈRE NEW REVUE

Every year that Parisian home of spectacular production, the Folies Bergère, presents a revue of surpassing magnificence. Here are scenes from the latest version, called "L'Usine à Folies," the title probably suggested by M. Maurice Verne's best-seller, "Les Usines du Plaisir." The most striking effect is provided by "La Gorgone en furie," in which girls in snake-skin tights represent the serpentine locks of a gigantic head of Medusa. The second scene illustrated is described as "one evening at a dance in Florence." Innumerable tableaux play their part in this kaleidoscopic revue, in which the Folies Bergère maintains its reputation for daring

Photographs by Walery, Paris

GOOD SPORT WITH A CAMERA



AT LISMORE: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,
MR. EDWARDS, AND SIR JOHN GODFREY



LADY BLANCHE COBBOLD AND HER CHILDREN, WITH MRS. EDWARDS,
WATCHING POINT-TO-POINT ACTIVITIES IN COUNTY WATERFORD



LADY STANLEY AND HER NIECE,
THE HON. MARYGOLD MILLS



LORD AND LADY LISBURNE AND THEIR
ELDER CHILDREN AT HOME AT CROSSWOOD



LADY GODFREY-FAUSSETT
AND LADY SOMERLEYTON

There was a large house party staying at Lismore Castle for the Point-to-Point meeting held on the Duke of Devonshire's estate in the West Waterford country. The Duke was greatly interested in the racing, and his grandchildren enjoyed themselves exceedingly. Lady Blanche Cobbold is his second daughter. Sir John Godfrey had only a short distance to come, his Co. Waterford home, Bushfield, being quite near Lismore. He also owns Kilcoleman Abbey in Co. Kerry. Mr. R. B. C. Edwards married Sir John's eldest daughter in 1927. Little Miss Marygold Mills, Lord and Lady Hillingdon's youngest daughter, was in attendance on her cousin, Miss Anne Keppell, when she married Mr. Philip Broadmead. The immense and very distinguished congregation at St. Margaret's included Lady Stanley, Lady Godfrey-Faussett, and Lady Somerleyton. Lord and Lady Lisburne's Welsh home is near Aberystwith, and they are seen here with their only son, Lord Vaughan, and their eldest daughter, Lady Gloria Vaughan. Lord Lisburne is Cardiganshire's Lord Lieutenant. His wife, formerly Mlle. Regina de Bittencourt, is a keen and knowledgeable gardener, and the excellence of her taste in house decoration is also very evident at Crosswood



C.F.H. 646

SUPERB ABDULLA CIGARETTES

Wild Week-Ends with Abdulla**MURDER IN A COUNTRY HOUSE.**

"I must be at the wrong address" I groaned in a convulsive way,
 A shocking incident occurred soon after I arrived to stay:
 The Butler led me to my room by darkened hall and ghostly stair
 And laughing Fiends came creeping in, and flung a lifeless Victim there.

I peered from out my hiding-place (at least there were no pools of gore).
 "Tut, tut! Outrageous!" I observed "I won't remain a moment more."
 The Body raised its head and smiled "Oh, give me an Abdulla, do!
 We're playing 'Murder'—I'm the corpse—but what in Mercy's name are You?"

F. R. HOLMES

VIRGINIA

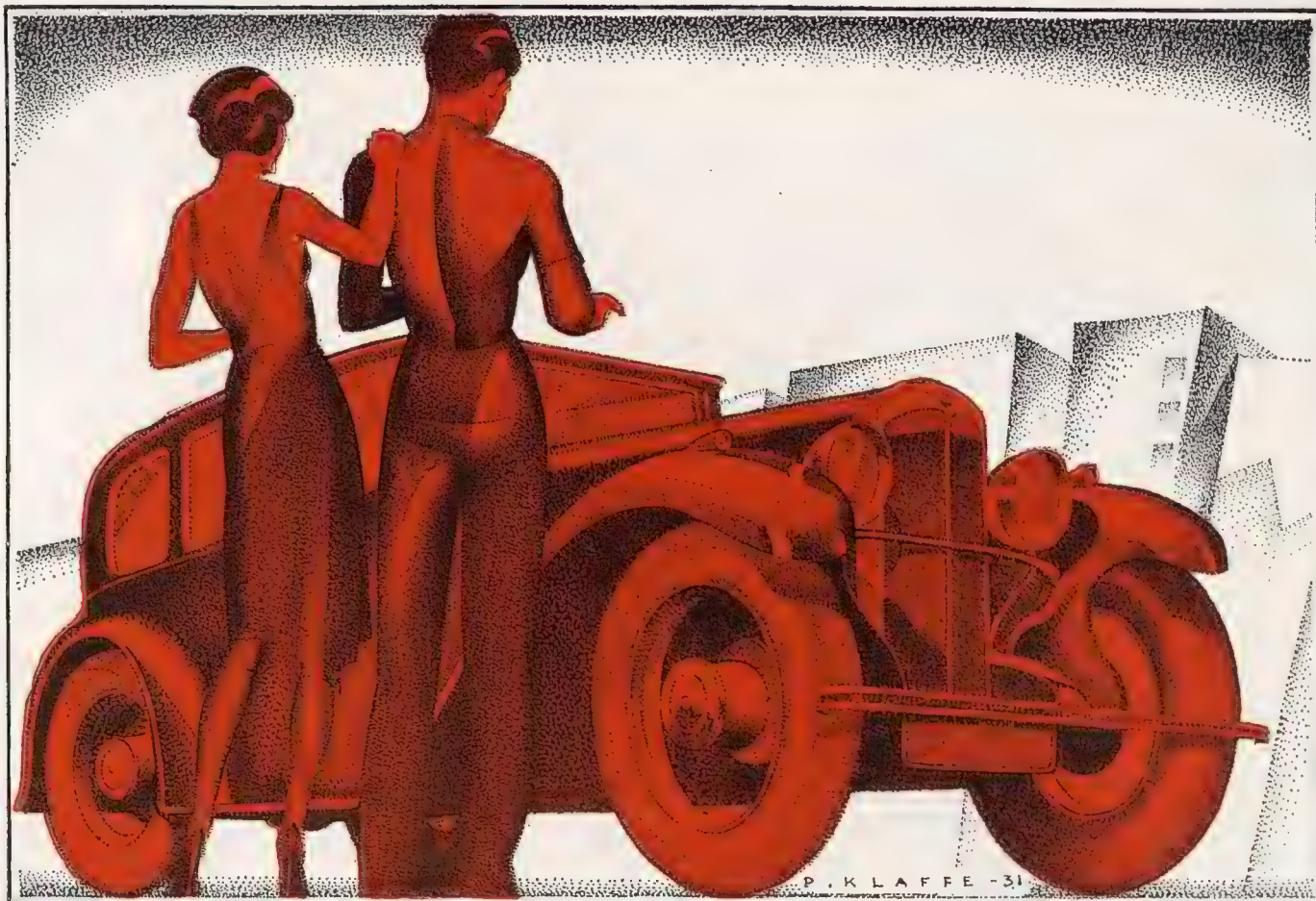
TURKISH

EGYPTIAN




NOW THAT FOX-HUNTING'S OVER JOIN THE POLICE AND HAVE SOME FUN!

By P. Bellew



HERE IT IS !

The car of the moderns Hillman's answer to a world demanding still higher standards of performance and value

 Hillman offer the "Wizard" to the critical and exacting motorist of this country confident that it is a thoroughly good car. Certain that it has been tested beyond the possibility of failure. Listen! A choice of two engine sizes for the same price. A six-cylinder engine. Full five-seater saloon. The proved Hillman "Traffic Top" silent third gear. The Wizard is indeed an achievement in car design and car building that is unique because the thought, resource, and factory organisation behind its production are in themselves unique—the most modern in the country. Send for fully illustrated Book of the Wizard.

FIVE-SEATER £270
FAMILY SALOON

DRIVE AWAY PRICE £67-10-0

down, Balance in monthly payments.

Five-seater Tourer	£270
Saloon de luxe	£285
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Provision is made on all models for the fitting of a second spare wheel, if required, at a slight extra charge.



NEW — yet tested in many countries under every possible motoring condition.

HILLMAN WIZARD

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London Showrooms and Export Dept., Rootes Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.



A CHANGE OF FLIES—SUMMER ON A HIGHLAND TROUT STREAM

By H. Frank Wallace, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.



THE ADM
By H. M.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the office of the artist.



MISSION

Bateman

Offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each ; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each ; postage, 6d. extra



LADY HADDINGTON

From a direct colour photograph by Bertram Park. Exclusive to "The Tatler".



It was inevitable that some day London would build its most fashionable hotel where for generations the verandah and the view have reigned supreme. To-day the Dorchester Hotel stands completed. Its creators now respectfully invite you to cross the threshold. You will behold an interior luxuriously replete with every conceivable comfort and service that a modern hotel should provide, yet so restrained as to give an instant atmosphere of dignity and grace.

The Dorchester Hotel

Open — The Dorchester Hotel



In the Orbit of the Shining Sun, yet in the heart of Fashionable London

On the very edge of beautiful Hyde Park, in full accord with the Westward trend, there now stands the Dorchester Hotel, built, designed and decorated to surpass in service and construction any hotel in any part of the world.

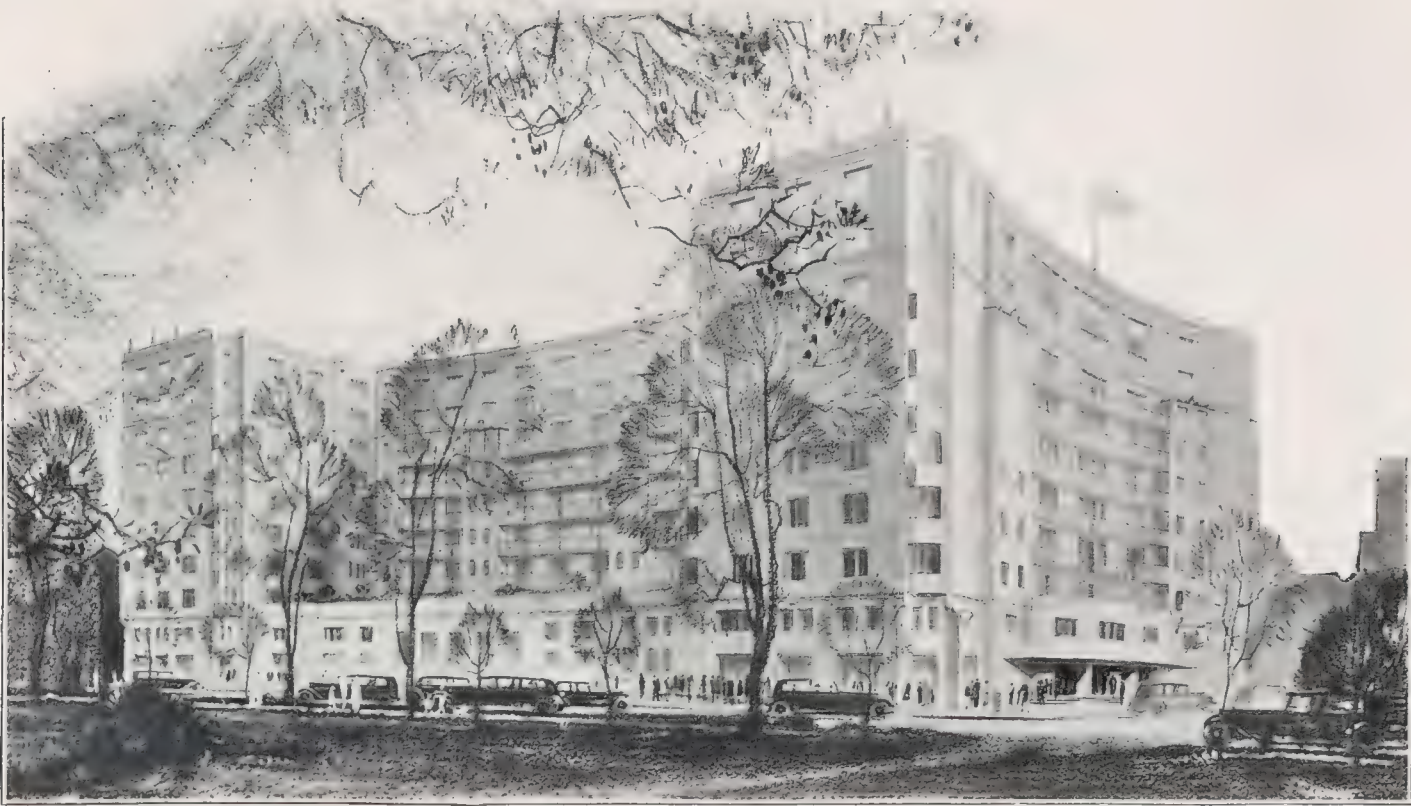
Its location provides at once the primary necessities of hotel life — sunshine, light, fresh air, quiet and ease of access. Its construction recognises a precise conviction born of great experience that the intangible excellencies of hotel service must spring from unseen devices and advanced architectural provision. You will perceive these excellencies immediately you enter The Dorchester — you will expect them, and quickly decline to dispense with them.

To-day The Dorchester provides a new experience in London's social life. You are invited to make its early acquaintance. You will be warmly welcomed.

To-morrow The Dorchester will be the residence and the rendezvous of those who would acquire address, accommodation and entertainment unequalled in modern luxury, yet tempered with dignity and entirely devoid of anxiety.



The main entrance to the Lounge of the Hotel, which runs the full length of the building and is designed on one level without steps. The large public rooms adjoin, whilst all the main parts of the hotel are reserved for the clients of the hotel and not for shops or other purposes.



'Perhaps the best and certainly the most revealing impression of the Dorchester Hotel is to be got from the drive inside the Park which curves from Hyde Park Corner to Stanhope Gate. One sees at once that the hotel is designed for a Park view, and it adjusts itself to the grandeur of the view and to the maximum of sunlight with an almost visible movement of its incurved frontages. Hyde Park might be said to have entered into the composition of the Dorchester Hotel. It spreads itself to the Park. So strong is this impression that one looks forward with more than usual impatience for spring to return the compliment with greenery.'

—The Architectural Correspondent of THE TIMES, March 30, 1931.

*Never before Anywhere in
Great Britain*

TURKISH BATHS *for the Exclusive
use of Ladies*

It is part of a considered policy to make The Dorchester especially attractive to ladies, and in addition to the Turkish Bath there is a Gymnasium, Beauty Parlour, Slimming Rooms, Hairdressing Rooms, &c. Vichy Baths, Wax Baths, Foam Baths, &c., will be kept for ladies only, and will be constantly open for their use.

*The Dorchester
Hotel*

Park Lane, London, W. 1.

Open — The Dorchester Hotel

Entertainment at The Dorchester



It can be done with complete success more cheaply, and with less trouble than in many private residences. Private parties, business entertainments, public functions, banquets, charity balls—all can be accommodated in the sumptuous rooms available. There is a suite of ballrooms with reception rooms, whilst the main ballroom is capable of accommodating 1,200-1,500 people, and dining 700 at one time. Large garage accommodation is available beneath the grounds of the hotel, and clients can hire horses and grooms at any time for riding in Rotten Row. The Dorchester Dance Orchestra is under the direction of Melville Gideon.



The Restaurant overlooks Hyde Park. There is also a Grill Room and a Sherry Bar decorated in the period of the Spanish Renaissance, and a large Lounge overlooking the Park.

The Dorchester Hotel

Park Lane, London, W.1. Mayfair 8888



Open — The Dorchester Hotel



JOAN CRAWFORD IN THE FILM, "DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE"



GRETA GARBO IN HER NEW PICTURE, "INSPIRATION"

Beautiful Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Suedo, and she is a Texan with auburn hair and hazel eyes, and quite one of the best-lookers in all film-land. She commenced her professional career as a dancer in a cabaret, but it was not long before the movies claimed her, and she never has looked back. She was the heroine of the film version of "Rose Marie," and her new picture, "Dance, Fools, Dance," is due for release very shortly. Greta Garbo's new film, "Inspiration," is certain to be a worth-while picture, for they do not waste the Swedish star's talents on rubbish. Last autumn she made a success in "Romance," against some people's expectations, and she followed it with "Red Dust"—all about a lovely Parisienne "discovered" on a Chinese rubber plantation. Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm in 1906

Photographs by Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION DINNER



MR. LANSBURY AND SIR WARREN FISHER



LORD BURGHLEY AND MRS. D. G. A. LOWE



CAPTAIN WOOLF BARNATO AND LADY CAMPBELL



LORD ANNALY AND LADY BOWDEN



MR. D. G. A. LOWE

A picture of Sir Harold Bowden, who was chairman of this dinner, and some others who were present, appeared in the last issue of "The Tatler," and on this page are some more of the distinguished people who were at the Connaught Rooms on that night. As may be observed, the gathering was most representative: Lord Burghley, for instance, represents greased lightning over hurdles; Mr. D. G. A. Lowe, another athletic crack; the wife of Sir Malcolm Campbell, who won the land-speed record for Britain at Daytona not so long ago with a speed of 246.154 m.p.h.; Captain Woolf Barnato, who is a very Alexander of the high-speed world; Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, who, after a very distinguished career in the Navy, is chairman and a director of the Associated Greyhound Racecourses, Ltd., and there were many others — all interested in the Empire's supremacy in the world of sport of every description. A great gathering, verily



ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE

OF THE OLD NOBILITY OF FRANCE



THE COMTE AND COMTESSE DE CASTELLANE

Sasha, Suffolk Street

The Comte de Castellane is the President of the Conseil Municipal de Paris and brother of Marquis Boni de Castellane, former Deputy, author, and a famous wit, and also brother of Comte Stanislas de Castellane, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies. The Comtesse Jean de Castellane, née Dorothy de Talleyrand-Perigord, a daughter of Louis, 3rd Duc de Talleyrand, is descended from the Duchesse de Dino, who, having married Talleyrand's nephew, was hostess for him at the famous Congress of Vienna when he was the French Ambassador during the reign of William IV. The Comte and Comtesse have a beautiful mansion in Paris, 61, Rue de Babylonne, and their country seat is the ancient and picturesque Château de Rochette, Indre et Loire



ELECTRA MARCONI

Eva Barrett, Rome

Opinions are, we understand, acutely divided as to whether this beautiful little girl is not the great inventor's most commendable achievement! She is well named! The Marchese Marconi married, in 1927, the Marchesa Maria Cristina Bezzi-Scali, and this is their little daughter

THE following story is told by Sir William Rothenstein, the well-known painter, in his recent book of reminiscences, concerning a fellow-artist who had been commissioned by Queen Victoria to paint her portrait.

When it was finished he was commanded to bring it to Windsor for inspection by her Majesty, who at that period of her life had been dowered by nature with a complexion which may best be described as "brick-dust colour."

The Queen entered the room, went up to the picture, examined it carefully in silence, and then walked towards the door.

As she opened it she turned round and said coldly: "We are redder than that!"; and stalked out without another word.

A long-haired youth entered a music publisher's office carrying under his arm a small roll of paper.

"Good afternoon!" said the publisher, "what can I do for you?"

The youth looked nervous.

"Well—er—I have a song here," he began, "and I was wondering if you would publish it. Er—shall I sing it?"

"Oh, yes, let's hear it!" said the publisher; and the youth stood up and burst forth.

"Well," asked the young man, "what do I get for it?"

"Oh," replied the other, with an air of resignation, "I'm a publisher, not a magistrate."

"I did the course in 79 yesterday," said a man proudly at lunch.

"I'm sorry," said his lunch companion.

"Sorry? Why?"

"Because from now on you're doomed to be off your game for the rest of your life."

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

An Aberdonian was on a visit to Canada. There he met a Canadian who asked him where he came from.

"Scotland," replied the Aberdonian.

"Give me your hand," said the stranger. "And what town do you come from?"

"Aberdeen."

"Give me both your hands," said the other hastily; "the last man I met from Aberdeen pinched my watch."

The lady in Ireland, who had the reputation of being very penurious in household matters, had engaged a new cook, and in order that she should not compare notes with the outgoing girl, she arranged that they should have separate vehicles to and from the station. But the girl who was leaving was equal to the occasion, and as the two cars passed each other on the road she stood up in hers and shouted at the top of her voice, "If ye can't eat scraps, the Lord help ye!"

A particularly audacious midnight burglary had been committed, and stringent investigations were being made by the police.

"Did you notice any suspicious character about the neighbourhood?" asked the inspector of the constable who patrolled the beat on which the robbery had taken place.

"Sure, sir," replied the policeman, "I saw but one man, and I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night. Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewellery shop in the vicinity later on.' At that I says, 'I wish you success, sorr.' Begorra, sorr," added the constable ruefully, "the man may have been a thief, but he was no liar."

They had been in love once, but that was all over. After a year or two they met unexpectedly at a dance. The man felt rather embarrassed, but he went eagerly up to her and said softly, "Why, Joan!"

The girl looked at him indifferently.

"Let me see," she said, calmly, "was it you or your brother who used to be an old admirer of mine?"

"I really don't remember," he replied affably. "Probably my father."

A man dashed on to the station platform just in time to see his train disappear.

"What time is the next train?" he asked a porter.

"Four o'clock, sir," was the reply.

"Nothing before then?"

"No, sir. We never runs one before the next."



HANDS WORTH A FORTUNE!

Nickolas Murray

They belong to Jascha Heifetz, and anyone who has ever heard the great virtuoso will agree that the valuation is not excessive. Heifetz is only 30, and was born in Vilna, the son of a famous professional violinist and teacher of music

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S PREPARATIONS ARE OF PRIMARY IMPORTANCE TO FASHION



"HARMONIZE YOUR FACE with your new clothes" says *Elizabeth Arden*

"A pretty face is not nearly enough. Even a clear skin and bright eyes gain extra distinction if they are treated to harmonize with the prevailing mode

"We are so careful about our accessories. Our gloves and hand-bags must be just the right shade to set off our costumes to best advantage, and yet our poor faces may still be wearing their 1928 colour schemes!

"Take the matter of becoming shades . . . you probably have two or three favourites you feel you must stick to, whatever the fashion. Such limitations are unnecessary . . . and uninteresting, especially in a season when unusual colours are in vogue

"Don't be dismayed. By skilful variations in your make-up you can come to delightfully friendly terms with all the new blues and greens and soft spring-like beige and grey tones. You may even find that you like your new self better than the familiar self that has been faithful for years to brown and navy-blue and rose

"Rich blues are in favour . . . and grey . . . and beige. Blue is kind to the majority of skins, but it has a natural tendency to bring out blue shadows . . . under the eyes, around the mouth. The correct rouge and powder will offset this, and you must select your lipstick with special cunning

"Grey and beige drain the face of colour, and must be combated by a make-up which gives a certain delicate liveliness to the skin. Eye make-up is particularly important with these dove-like shades

"The day when one rouge and one lipstick were enough is gone. Every woman should have at least three tones of rouge and four or five assorted lipsticks to assure successful make-up with every costume

"The off-the-face hats this season have taught us the importance of eye values. A smooth brow and interesting eyes have been essential, and care and make-up have made them possible

"Then, too, the evening dress that has slipped farther and farther down the back has brought about an acute situation. Spines must not be too evident, shoulder blades must be well covered, skin must be satiny. Unless you are gifted by nature with exceptional shoulders, please, *please* do not wear the backless evening frocks without doing something about it! Bleaching and circulation treatments . . . plenty of rich cream and a good evening make-up are for you

"And elbows! Beware! There is an open season on elbows and you must be prepared. Not only on the beach and under the kindly shaded lights of evening, but in the street, in daytime costumes, elbows are to be exposed. You may not have a dimpled elbow, but see to it that you have a smooth, white one

"Remember that the basis of all beauty is harmony, and that you reach perfection only when every part of you fits into the picture!"

You will find Elizabeth Arden's Preparations on sale at smart shops everywhere.



In Miss Arden's Salon you may receive the latest make-up information. An expert in skin colouring is at your service always.

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Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

AT the recent Drapery Exhibition Mr. Sheriff D. George Collins declared that women were so well dressed to-day that men did not know their domestic servants from their own wives when they met them in the streets. This is, of course, the enunciation of a truism, and ere now has been the cause of a quite definite lot of bother.

A lady (Mrs. H. W. Martin) who is very busy writing a book about that always intriguing subject, wild beasts—with four legs I hasten to add—and how to get them, tells me that a friend of hers, who is big-game shooting in East Africa, has told her that he has just managed to bag two elephants, four lions, and several of the larger antelopes, and that he attributes his luck to having taken a red-headed girl with him—as his typist of course—and as a mascot. I merely give the facts as related. But once upon a time I knew a chap who never could see a red-haired girl or get a whiff of some stuff called *trèfle incarnat*, which was in vogue before Coty was invented, without breaking into a clammy state of fear. He had his reasons. They were connected with a voyage back to Hindustan on a P. and O. (letters which some say stand for Propinquity and Opportunity), and someone named Germaine who came aboard the S.S. *Warmingpan* with her Papa and Maman at Marseilles. Germaine had Titian hair; her Maman's being the colour of engine grease and her Papa's ditto, also his beaver, which was cut spade shape and was very fierce and frizzy. They were on a globe-trotting trip which, of course, included that romantic Taj at Agra and various other sights including the Curzon Durbar *avec* elephants and dust, and the Cup week in Calcutta. Germaine's hair was rather a mystery, especially as Maman was definitely unprepossessing and rather *farouche*. Germaine was most romantic. She had been educated—partially—at Folkestone. You never can quite gamble upon what a Mediterranean moon, a boat deck, and bits of Racine, Jean Richepin, and Du Musset recited by an entrancing blue-stockings may do, especially to a chap who had only just evaded the clutches of someone who had entirely misunderstood his customary expressions of affability in a hydro at Ilkley where she was taking the waters, and he was not—quite definitely.

However, to cut things short, after about two weeks and a bittock down the Mediterranean and King Pharaoh's open ditch en route to Bombay, with bits about *on entend au fond d'une coquille creuse chanter toute la mer*, as applied to constancy in love, and the whiff of that subtle stuff of which I have spoken—*trèfle incarnat*—and being called "Albair" (French for Albert!) even by Maman and got on to "strangling a perroquet" (splitting an absinthe) terms with Papa, my poor friend began to think rather regretfully of Ilkley and the lady who drank nasty smelling hot water, and felt as if he had got into a cage of pythons. The parting at the Apollo Bunder was very moist—on Germaine's part—but



LADY CAYLEY AND HER DAUGHTER ANGELA.
ALSO THE WATCH DOG "WIGS"

A charming little picture taken on the lawn of Holbeck House, Sir Kenelm Cayley's newly acquired home near Scarborough. The daughter is only six months old, and this is her absolutely first experience as a camera victim

Maman said never mind, *fillette*, or words to that effect, "your Albair-vill meet us in Lucknow, *n'est-ce pas, Albair?*" And Papa, who was then dressed as he thought an Indian tourist should be—white button-up-to-the-neck coat, as worn by Indian railway guards, a simply atrocious sola topee with a *tricolore* band to it—was even more emphatic about the date of the reunion. The next thing, of course, which *would* happen was that one day after racing in Lucknow, when my friend had taken someone he happened to have met in Meerut, to have a dozen and some black beer at a club called the Mahommed Bâgh—the Garden of the Prophet—who should swoop down but Maman with Germaine looking like something out of a cabaret, and Papa forming the rear-guard. My friend had somehow missed seeing them at the races—but they hadn't missed him. I feel I cannot and should not go on, because some people are familiar with the sight of a French gentleman frothing with rage, and a French Maman saying things in French about *polissons*, and

Pop chipping in with remarks like "Voyons! Voyons! what a pig man we are! Name of a dog! Sacred Blue! Name of a pipe! Name of a cannon! We will see! Ah, you try to pretend! No! It shall not be, *Salé bête!*" There was lots of that plus Germaine, who I am sorry to say completely forgot Jean Richepin and her Folkestone education. So red hair is not a winner to everybody; nor *trèfle incarnat* neither, as may be said.



SOME OF THE 60TH NORTH MIDLAND FIELD BRIGADE, R.A.

A group of some of the officers who attended a recent tactical exercise course near Newark. The names, left to right, are: Standing—Lieutenants A. M. Burgess, R. L. Bacon, G. A. Basker, Captain G. G. Peel, Captain and Adjutant H. H. Merton, Lieutenants W. F. Bland, J. H. Wright, G. C. Frost, R. St. C. Page, L. G. Bacon; seated—Major R. L. Kaye, Major L. Farr, M.C., Colonel H. E. Noel, D.S.O., Major T. W. Pitcher, Major E. H. Ward



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Illustrated: No. 672. Blouse in striped 'Japshan,' with low neck and patch pocket on left side. Price 25/6

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THE I.P.A. CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS: THE JAIPUR POLO TEAM

A picture taken after this team had won the Indian Polo Championship in which it had a real dog-fight with the Bhopal Scouts, whose team included such well-known people as Captain Dalrymple-Hay (Central India Horse) and Mr. Errol Prior Palmer, 9th Lancers. The names in the Jaipur team, left to right, are: Captain Birnie, R.R. Abhey Singh, R.R. Hanut Singh, and H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur. After the tournament R.R. Abhey Singh's handicap was increased from 6 to 7, and H.H. of Jaipur's from 3 to 5. His Highness is only nineteen and he played hockey for "The Shop" last year.

New Hillman.

BY the time these notes see the light of day the well-kept secret will be out. It is true that a certain company came out with a beautiful coloured advertisement showing the Hillman Wizard some weeks before some of the people very closely concerned with it had any notion as to what it was to be called, and what it was to look like—but these trifling accidents are bound to happen. And after all, how can anybody hope to keep a *good* car a secret. Let us say there are four thousand employes or so in the factory; it would be a bold man who would go bail for the silence of all of them. Cars can go about upon test with all sorts of comic radiators—but there are rendezvous (in the plural) where testers congregate, and a bonnet may be clandestinely lifted now and then. Personally I am positively swelled up in the pride of self-righteousness, because I knew all about the very remarkable Hillman world-beater, that was announced at the Albert Hall the day before yesterday (it is not a heavy-weight, and therefore it does not lie down when faced with hard work)—and yet, in spite of enticements, I never said a word about it. Thus I preserved my honour, and THE TATLER lost an enormous "scoop." They—by which I mean the Humber-Hillman-Commer combine, and especially those dynamic Rootes Brothers—call this a "world" model. *C'est le mot juste*. If the world does not acclaim it a tremendous achievement, all I can say is that there is something wrong with the world. But I do not think there is. The world is a big place, and the world will always be right in its opinions. And therefore the world will say, "Well, you poor worn-out, back-bone-less boobs in England, you have really done something at last." As a matter of fact we have been doing very fine things for quite a long time, but the world is a somnolent old thing, and it refuses to sit up and take notice until it is given a jerk. And, curiously enough, that is just what the new Hillman Wizard will not—physically—give it. The world, and his wife, and his daughter (allowing for her being very thoroughly engaged) will find plenty of room in the back of what I do not hesitate to describe as the best sprung car that I have ever driven. That might sound a tall order, seeing that the thing is of no immense wheelbase, but it is a literal fact. There are cars as well sprung (it is a mere formality not to mention them) but there are none better sprung, so let us leave it at that. The Wizard that was committed to my hands had, after its routine testing run, come straight from the factory. It was passed over by a wise man, one of those who waste no words. He said, "See if you can murder it." I did my best, and I think that the Wizard was, in the end, the better for the ordeal which I made it endure. Over night I had received the suggestion that its test run should not be too easy. Accordingly I picked out a perfect beast of a route, full of nasty turns, no straights, plenty

Petrol Vapour

BY W. G. ASTON

of adverse gradients — altogether the sort of thing that drives a demonstrator crazy. So that when you pull up for lunch he rings up head-quarters and says that other things being equal he would like to find a new job. One of my mean little joys in life is to spring surprises on people—and I know my Berkshire, my Oxon, and my Bucks. So after trickling along for many miles, at a very decent gait, and in beautiful silence, I suddenly said, "Now we'll see what your 'world beater' will do," and switched her round the corner, confronting her with a clean-cut climb that is a genuine "teaser," and has properly earned its name for so being. I have been over the crest of it, on top, in several cars of renown. On other cars I have breasted its brow upon suitable gears,

but never have I seen any performance that could compare for a moment with that of this Wizard Hillman. Of course it is all a question of power-weight ratio (they work these things out in matriculation classes), but I will say that sweep up into the altitudes was pure joy. I asked how much this delicious projectile cost, and they could not tell me. They had to keep their secret. What I said when I was informed that it would be (as it is) considerably less than £300 can only be expressed in asterisks.

(Continued on p. xx)



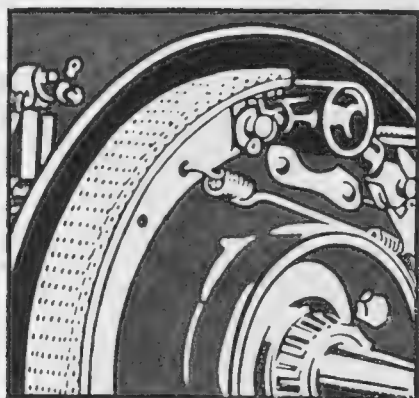
AT THE SUFFOLK POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. GORDON-FREEMAN AND HER WINNER

The Suffolk Point-to-Point was held at Bradfield St. Clare and Mrs. Gordon-Freeman's Duschka won the Adjacent Hunts Race. The country is almost entirely bank and ditch and plough—and the ditches are not narrow even if not so wide as the Meath ones

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"He had been picked up by a Dutch smack, half-drowned, and nearly frozen"

"GREATER LOVE"

By Philip Mackenzie

his tankard, with the deliberation of a man whose life is entirely within himself. My offer of a pint was met at first with a stare of stony hostility.

Recognizing that malt liquor would never break down that wall of reserve before the magic hour of closing time, I hastily changed my offer to a double Scotch, and this, after a moment's hesitation, he accepted. I sat down beside him on the black oak pew and fell to talking of the little, bluff-bowed craft and their trade among the fish. He listened in uncompromising silence, and when I mentioned the fact that I had known Andrew MacAlister he only shot me a quick glance of suspicion. He began to thaw, however, when I spoke of MacAlister as an old friend and one whom I had admired with the admiration which is born in one sea-man for another.

By the time the massive landlord banged on the bar and announced that it was "Time, gentlemen, please," we were on comparatively friendly terms, though as yet no word had been spoken on the subject of the *Morning Mist*.

Hosea Hole, however, accepted my invitation to come round to my rooms, and there, with his foul pipe snorting like a wheezy bellows and a full glass in his hand, he told me his story.

The Andrew MacAlister he had served was a very different man to the bluff, good-hearted skipper I had known. He had changed abruptly shortly after the War when, having swept for deadly mines for four long years, he went back to trawling for fish. In those days he had had a bosom friend and partner, one Jack Graham of the *Aurora*. The two ships always trawled together, as they had swept together when on a sterner task. One day the *Aurora* had suddenly disappeared in a column of water and acrid smoke. She had struck one of the mines which still infested the now peaceful waters of the North Sea.

It had been from that day, according to Hosea Hole, that Andrew MacAlister had changed. He had become taciturn and devilish cruel, caring nothing for any man and still less for the laws of his trade.

Twice in quick succession he had been convicted of fishing in prohibited waters and had forfeited his whole catch. He promptly defied the authorities by doing it again, and incidentally working his little crew almost to death in the process. Old padre Venn, the "sky pilot" of the Mission had declared that there was no charity or love in the man, and it certainly had appeared only the bare truth.

Naturally, this method of fishing could not go on, practically all the proceeds went in paying fines, and there was little or nothing left for the crew. Soon they left him, the *Morning Mist* was laid up, and Andrew became the scourge of the waterside taverns.

After a time, however, he gathered round him a few ruffians, a deserter from the Royal Navy, and three others of the type who perforce answer a question with a smashing blow. With these he recommissioned the *Morning Mist* and set out. Fishing was his trade, and fish he did, but he did it in a way which earned for him the title of "That — pirate."

(Continued on p. 222)

THERE had always been something of a mystery surrounding the loss of Andrew MacAlister and his trawler, the *Morning Mist*. The little ship had put out from Peterhead as usual, bound for the fishing-grounds of the Dogger Bank, but it had never been seen again. At about the same time a big liner had reported that there had been a tremendous explosion almost under her bows in a fog in the North Sea. She had stopped and lowered a boat, but had not been able to find identifiable wreckage. Then, about two months later, a deck-hand from the *Morning Mist* had suddenly reappeared. He had been picked up by a Dutch smack, half-drowned and nearly frozen. He confirmed the fact that the *Morning Mist* had been lost, and that as far as he knew there were no other survivors, but as to the manner of the little ship's end he remained obstinately silent.

Having known and admired Andrew MacAlister in the War years when I, as a lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, was put in authority over him, I set out to seek this survivor of the *Morning Mist*, who, I learnt, rejoiced in the name of Hosea Hole. After a month of combing the water-side of many fishing ports, I finally ran him to earth in Lowestoft, in one of those old sailors' taverns where the atmosphere is thicker than any sea fog, and in which one finds oneself for ever cocking an ear for the sounds of the arrival of the dreaded press gang.

Hosea Hole proved to be a ruffianly-looking old man, to whom a mop of silver-white hair lent an odd look of distinction. At once one sensed that he was something of a character. He sat alone in a corner of the low-ceilinged bar-parlour and lifted

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"Greater Love"—continued from p. 220

Then had come the loss of the *Morning Mist* with all hands except Hosea Hole, and this was the manner of it:

Andrew MacAlister had taken advantage of a foggy morning to let down his trawl in the area set apart by an all-wise Fishery Board as a sanctuary in which the fish might breed unmolested. Twice the trawl had been hauled up, and each time the great bag of net had been so packed with fish that it did not seem possible to hoist it on deck without the net bursting. The *Morning Mist's* holds were almost full, but Andrew insisted on putting the trawl down again. Weather and everything seemed to be on his side, he would work his luck to the utmost, in spite of the fact that his men were grumbling. They had already got enough fish to give each one of them a handsome bonus. What was the sense of risking the confiscation of the whole catch by remaining in the prohibited area any longer? The fog might lift at any moment. It might come on to blow, and the *Morning Mist* was already laden quite sufficiently heavily for bad weather.

They grumbled, but when Andrew MacAlister gave the order to lower the trawl in his icy voice they carried out the order immediately. Andrew certainly could handle men, especially men who had learnt by painful experience that it did not do to argue with or disobey him.

The trawl was down, and the men were all smoking and sitting about on bollards and piles of gear when suddenly the towing wire grew out bar taut. In a flash, Andrew stopped the *Morning Mist's* engines. Trawls are very expensive things, and one does not lose them if it can possibly be avoided. Fishermen have been known to spend whole days and nights trying to clear a trawl which has become foul of some obstruction on the sea bottom.

The *Morning Mist* shuddered slightly as she was brought up "all standing" by the taut towing wire. Then she started to gather stern way as she settled over the trawl. Andrew MacAlister had all hands working fast, but carefully, for fear of parting the wire. An attempt was made to haul the trawl up to the surface. The wire started to reel in quite easily, and they were just congratulating themselves on getting clear so easily when the winch brought up with a groan. They lowered the trawl, and tried again, but with the same result. They were absolutely fast.

There was a murmuring among the men that they ought to cut the trawl adrift and leave it. The catch would pay for the new gear required, and if they stayed on, anchored to an invisible wreck, they would surely be caught and lose the whole of the catch and the gear, and have to pay a heavy fine into the bargain. But Andrew would not hear of it. He was as stubborn as a mule, and refused to consider the jettisoning of the gear. In this I am sure that the price of a new trawl was but a secondary consideration. He had never been able to acknowledge the fact that he was beaten.

The *Morning Mist's* engines were moved very cautiously ahead and astern, pulling the towing wire this way and that in an effort to clear it. For over an hour they tried all the tricks known to fishermen who have handled trawls all their lives, but they met with no success. But still they worked, their flagging energies revitalized by the lash of Andrew's icy tongue.

At last they felt the wire give a little, and renewed their efforts with a spirit of hope in their hearts. Gradually, on each successive heave, it gave more and more till at last the upthroe

and the end of the great beam could be seen just below the water. They were almost clear.

With the next heave Andrew MacAlister started to swear. He did not swear in the full-blooded, temper-ridden manner of so many hard-bitten seamen. It was his voice rather than his language which made his swearing horrible to listen to, even to the ruffians who formed his crew. It was icy, lashing like hail-stones driven hard by a gale, and it held such a concentrated fury and hatred as to be akin to madness. It was seldom indeed that Andrew was quite as bad as that, and the men looked up, startled and flinching unconsciously, expecting to see the hated lines of the fishery protection sloop appearing out of the fog. But they saw something very different, and very much worse. In the great bag of the trawl net was the round shape of a mine. It was rolling gently to and fro, and it seemed that the deadly menace of its sensitive horns must knock against the beam of the trawl with each roll. They stared, horrified, while Andrew swore himself out and there succeeded a silence more pregnant and sinister than his speech.

When they stopped heaving in on the trawl wire, the "Morning Mist" swung round so that the trawl, with its deadly catch, lay just off the bows, with the little ship riding to it as to a sea anchor.

"Tanner, get a hammer and chisel from the engine-room and try to cut it adrift."

Tanner, a great burly fellow, a head taller than MacAlister, looked round with mutiny stamped clearly on his face.

"I'm ——" "Tanner."

The one word and the look in MacAlister's eyes were enough. The man fetched the tools, stripped, and lowered himself over the bows into the trawl-net beside that awful swinging sphere. Once more did he look up at MacAlister. Then he set to work on the chain-mooring of the mine with hammer and chisel.

So intent were the other men on the work which was going on

over the bows that they did not notice the long-drawn-out moan of a ship's siren coming through the blanket of fog. MacAlister, however, alertness in every line of him, raised his head and looked out into the fog. He stood motionless, a little apart from the others, his eyes narrowed to tiny pin-points of blue steel as he strove to see through the swirling mists.

Suddenly the siren shrieked again, almost on top of them it seemed, and at the same instant the towering bows of a great liner showed through the mist. She was right upon them. They were bound to be run down. Even if she put her helm hard over at once and went full speed astern she would swing into the *Morning Mist* and into the mine too.

Andrew MacAlister, moving quicker than anyone had ever seen him move before, jammed the *Morning Mist's* engine-room telegraph to full speed ahead. The men saw him, heard the jangle of the telegraph bell, and realized what he was doing in a flash. The mine was within two yards of the *Morning Mist's* forefoot, and Tanner was working on the mine. They made a rush at him, but he felled the first and kept the telegraph to full speed ahead.

"Women and children—there!" he shouted. They were his last words. They struck the mine fairly.

Hosea Hole rounded on me, his eyes blazing with indignation. "They said Andrew MacAlister had the devil in him, but, by God, he was a man." Then he lapsed into a silence which even I had to respect.



THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE GOLD COAST REGIMENT, R.W.A.F.F.

A group taken after the Trooping of the Colour at Kumasi, March 21, 1931

The names, from left to right, are: Back row—Lieut. J. A. Burns, Lieut. S. L. Edwards, Lieut. E. R. Hanley, Lieut. A. C. Hughes, Lieut. B. J. Mahon, Lieut. H. Wood, Lieut. D. D. Tate, Captain W. S. Wise, Lieut. J. P. O'Brien Twohig, Lieut. F. A. Smith, Lieut. M. M. A. Bryant, Captain E. M. Hickey, Lieut. G. W. Lathbury. Sitting—Captain and Quartermaster W. M. Harrington, Captain H. G. de Burgh, Major B. R. French, Brigadier C. C. Norman (Inspector-General, R.W.A.F.F.), His Excellency, the Acting-Governor (Mr. G. A. S. Northcote), Colonel G. V. Breffit, Mr. H. S. Newlands (Chief Commissioner of Ashanti), Captain L. C. Heygate, Lieut.-Colonel A. P. D. Telfer-Smollett (S.O., R.W.A.F.F.), Captain M. A. Green, Captain C. C. Rice. In front—Lieut. R. E. A. G. Badger, Lieut. J. W. A. Hayes, Captain W. A. Dore

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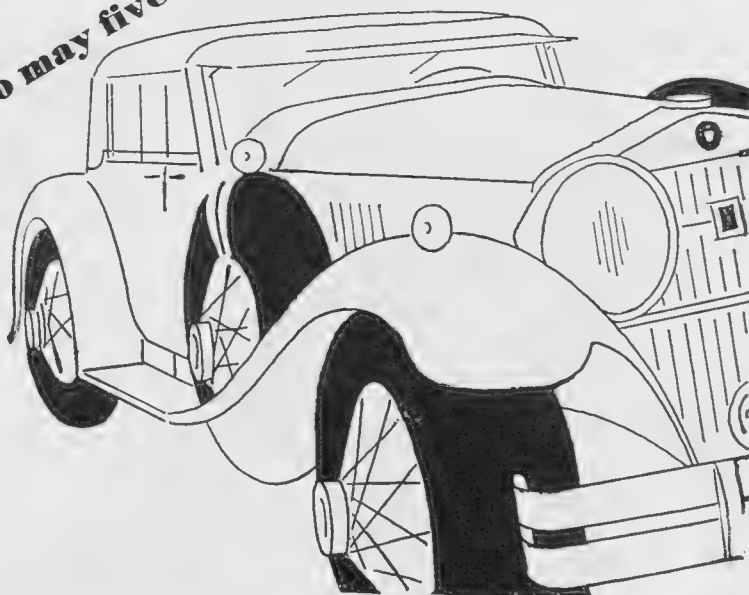
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Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Gill Rudgard, winners for the second year in succession of the Northern Foursomes promoted by "Britannia and Eve." They are the first holders to retain their title in any of the "Eve" match-play foursomes

THERE is no doubt about it, if you want to enjoy yourself—go to Woodhall Spa. Moreover, if you are certain of your golfing superiority, tackle your dearest foe there with practical certainty that you will beat her. For the course is so perfect a test of golf that when by any mischance the worse player or pair beats the better, you can only attribute it to something at fault in the defeated one's temperamental make up.

The holders of "Britannia and Eve's" Northern Foursomes apparently had no such joints in their harness, and their win at Woodhall in 1931, as at Alwoodley in 1930, was a real triumph of foursomes' qualities such as belief in each other, whatever befell the side, wonderful recoveries, and very extra good putting; in fact, when the poet wrote of "comfort in another's troubles, courage in your own," he must have had foursome golf somewhere at the back of his mind. Miss Rudgard supplied recovery, Mrs. Bradshaw some very finished



Miss Hartill and Miss Wilson were beaten at the 19th hole in the semi-final round by Mrs. Bradshaw and Miss Rudgard, to whom they gave one stroke

the length and the mashie play and inspired work on the green. The Snook sisters who were runners up have, naturally, nothing like their experience, though battles in county tennis have doubtless taught them not a little in the art of fighting bravely, just as Mrs. R. J. McNair's and Miss Coote's golfing merits are often held to have been acquired by their championship experiences in tennis and croquet respectively. Some people might have sat down under such a motor smash up as Miss Doreen Snook had shortly before Woodhall, and declared herself unable to play; others

EVE AT GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

have abandoned hope when they found the ostensible prop of the side thus handicapped. But Miss Doreen managed to play, and Miss Jessie rose to her added responsibilities grandly, did the pulling through of the couple herself, and impressed everyone as a really promising golfer with any number of good shots. As for the semi-finalists, neither Miss Enid Wilson nor Miss Hartill needs introduction; Miss Watson and her sister, Mrs. Bloomer, played attractive and effective golf, and accounted for at least one pair who had been fancied for finalists.

No "Eve" foursomes have ever seen so many matches trailing on beyond the 18th—out of the first eight on the second morning two went to the 20th and two to the 19th; another later in the morning also going to the 20th, whilst the afternoon saw a 21st holer.

The next morning there were two 20th holes and the following morning again a 19th in the top semi-final. The golf in some previous Northern Foursomes may have been better, but the fighting has certainly never been so hot. After all, we wanted something to keep us warm for the weather was frigid in the extreme, culminating in the final in snow, hail, thunder and lightning, as well as mere wind and rain.

As soon as people were beaten they started off taking out cards for the consolation competition of medal round singles. There was a hole in one from Miss Nan Baird; there was an 81 gross from Miss Phyllis Lobbett and an 82 from Mrs. Cautley; there was a winning 74 net from Mrs. Knox-Gore, and there was £11 17s. to divide between the Gentlemen's Home and the Alexandra Hospital. All of which was thoroughly satisfactory, and everyone came away vowing as usual that Woodhall was quite ideal.

The Veteran Championship must, of course, be reported from hearsay only. It was a win for Mrs. Mungo Park, the player who, with her daughter, reached the semi-finals of the "Britannia and Eve" Scottish Foursomes at Turnberry last year. The runner-up was Mrs. Arnot, who won the event three years ago.

County matches at this busiest moment of the year must simply go unrecorded, nothing really critical having happened so far.

The North v. South match at Walton Heath was severely frowned on by the clerk of the weather, but in spite of it was an interesting day's golf, though, if the reason of it were really the picking of the English team

at Portmarnock, it was a little difficult to see how foursomes could help the selection committee, or why players who certainly should be considered for the English team were left out and others included who could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be thought suitable for that honour. However, perhaps it takes all sorts to make a team as well as a world, and the North, in particular, had had a number of disappointments.

The most interesting match of the day was Miss Wilson's win from Miss Diana Fishwick, in which length told its tale as well as a magnificent recovery at the 13th, Miss Wilson getting home on the last green. The South's win on the day by 14½ to 6½ may not matter

(Continued on p. xviii)



Miss J. R. Snook and Miss D. F. Snook, runners up in the Northern Foursomes at Woodhall Spa. Miss J. R. Snook, the younger sister, is quite new to competition golf, but showed no trace of nerves



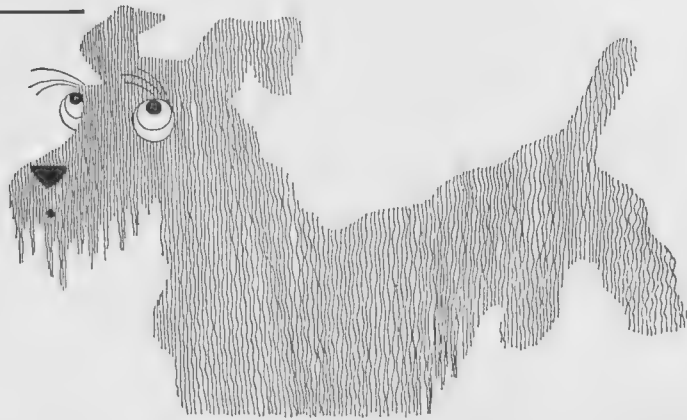
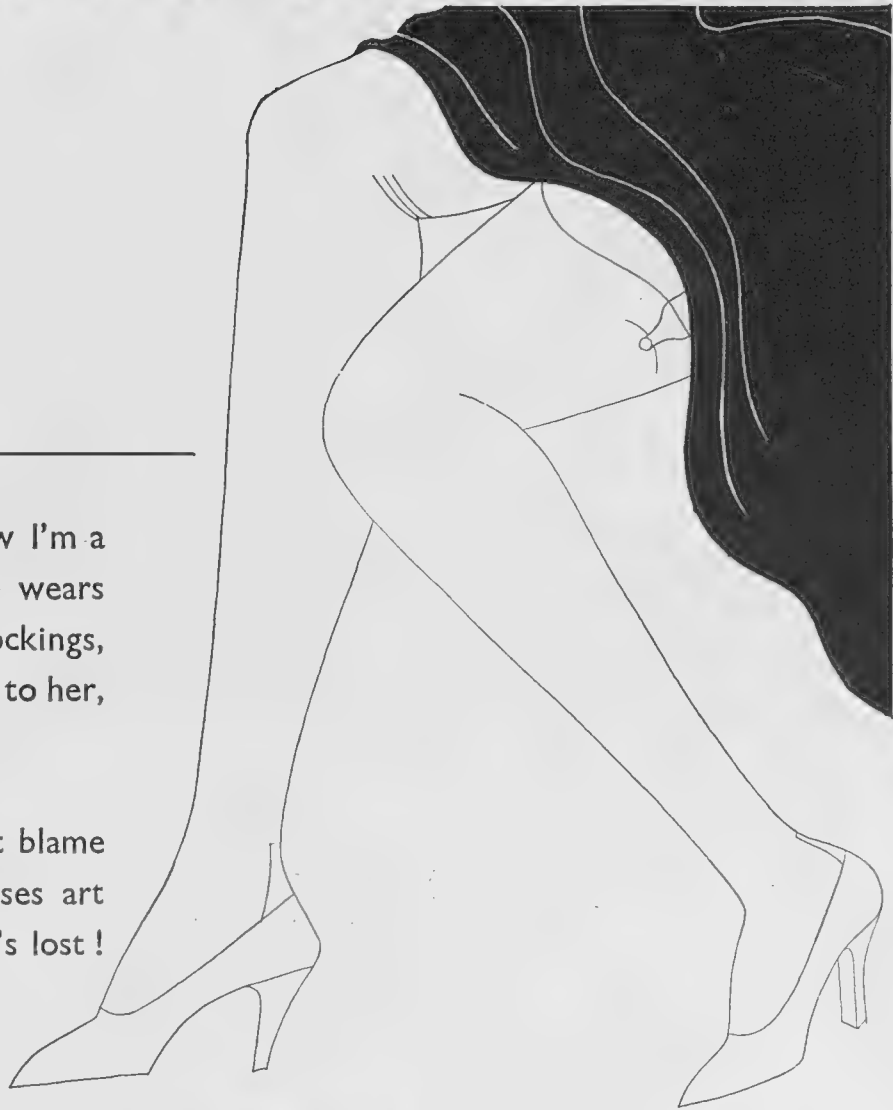
The other semi-finalists at Woodhall Spa: Mrs. A. H. Bloomer and Miss N. Watson, beaten by the Misses Snook, 2 and 1

FASHION'S PETS ★ KAYSER STOCKINGS



Says MOG ★ I know I'm a fool — but so long as she wears these pure silk Kayser stockings, I can't help being faithful to her, however she treats me!

Says WOG ★ I don't blame you — when a woman uses art to reveal nature — a dog's lost!



R de LAVERERIE.

Clinging with tailored grace from knee to instep — wonderfully economical because they are made of PURE, flawless silk — in all the smartest, subtlest shades — Kayser stockings. From 5/11.

KAYSER

★ MADE IN U.S.A. ★ WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTOR: C. J. DAVIS, 3 Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, London, W1



This is a witness to the pleasing fact that the accepted flying helmet is becoming and practical; this model may be seen in Selfridge's Aviation Department

The Passing of the Red Flag.

THE process of elimination in the domain of travelling paraphernalia has been in progress since 1896, when the Locomotives on Highways Act became law, and the carrying of the red flag before the motor and the four-mile limit were abolished. A few years ago it was considered that nothing further could be done in the matter, but the advent of the open and closed aeroplane showed that the reverse was the case. There is an interesting analogy between the car and

Selfridge have packed this Revelation suit-case with everything necessary for the week-end, remembering that weight and space are of paramount importance to women who fly

By
M. E. BROOKE

the aeroplane, whereas when they first appeared men as well as women donned extraordinary garments for wearing in them, but it was soon realized that this was quite unnecessary, and as a consequence there is nothing that can now be described as exclusive to either, except a helmet fitted with telephones for the open 'plane so that pilot and passenger may easily converse. Care must be taken to see that the helmet fits perfectly in order that the holes may be over the ears.

Luggage for the 'Plane.

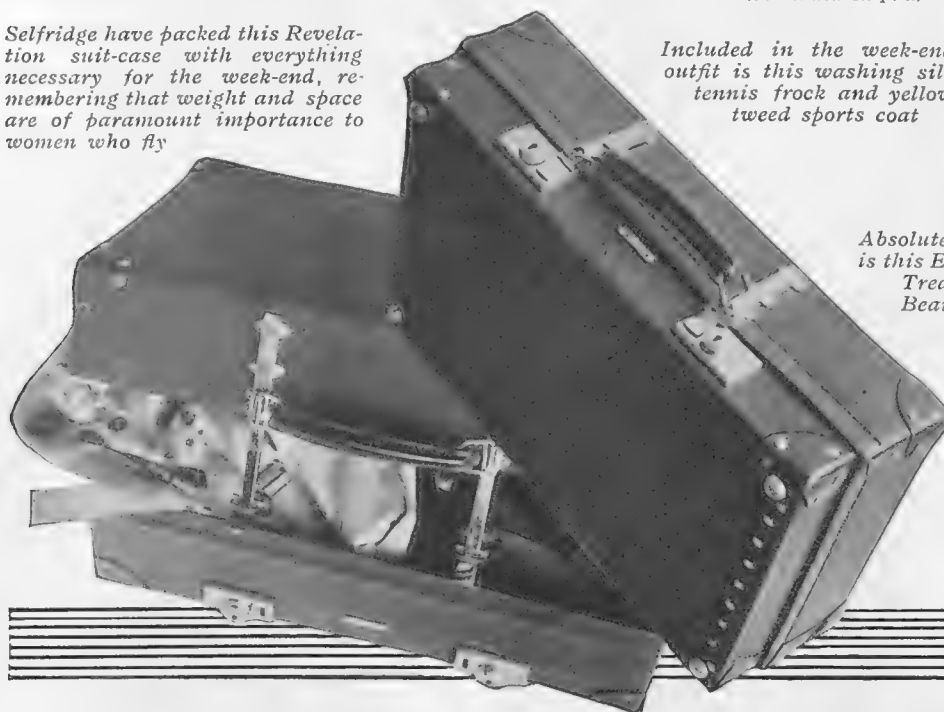
THE most important thing that the woman passenger has to consider is the weight of and space occupied by her luggage. As there are many erroneous impressions regarding this, Selfridges, Oxford Street, are making a feature of week-end outfits. The packed Revelation suit-case portrayed may be seen in their Aviation Department. As details are ever of interest, the weight of the case as well as the weight of the individual articles and cost are given on p. ii. Of course, the contents may be increased or decreased to suit the requirements of the individual. It is merely a guide.

(Continued on p. ii)

Included in the week-end outfit is this washing silk tennis frock and yellow tweed sports coat



Absolutely indispensable is this Elizabeth Arden's Treasurette Beauty Box



Pictures by Blake

All for Beauty



A Beauty Treatment *by* *Harriet Hubbard Ayer*

Nothing could be simpler or more satisfactory than a HARRIET HUBBARD AYER home treatment. It is a carefully balanced scheme of cleansing, nourishing and refining to which your skin responds at once. Devote a few minutes each day to this rational and scientific method of skin care and you will soon see very definite results.

First cleanse your face with LUXURIA to remove every atom of buried dust and grime from the pores. Massage with SKIN & TISSUE BUILDER, a rich, clear cream that feeds and rebuilds the underlying tissues and tones up the muscles. Then pat your face with EAU DE BEAUTÉ Skin Tonic to refresh and brighten it, and, lastly, smooth in a film of BEAUTIFYING FACE CREAM to whiten and refine the surface and give your complexion the final charm of transparency and delicacy of texture.

Luxuria, Price 2/3, 4/-, 8/6, 11/9; Skin and Tissue Builder and Beautifying Face Cream, Price 4/-, 7/6, 18/9, 30/-; Eau de Beauté, Price 4/-, 8/-, are obtainable at all good Department Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers. Write to Harriet Hubbard Ayer Ltd., 130 Regent Street, London, W.1, for our free booklet, 'All for Beauty,' which tells you delightful ways of improving your looks in your own home.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

LIMITED

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

NEW YORK

LONDON

PARIS

Flying fashions

Practical Facts for Women who Fly.

Handkerchiefs, tooth-brushes, etc., have been omitted, but it is estimated that these will not weigh more than a pound: Case, 8 lbs.; shoes (tennis), 4s. 11d., 16 oz.; shoes (walking), 29s. 6d., 12 oz.; shoes (evening), 25s. 6d., 12 oz.; Treasurette beauty box, 3½ guineas, 25 oz.; sponge bag, 7s. 11d., 7 oz.; brush, 19s. 6d., 5 oz.; comb, 1s., 1 oz.; hat, 12s. 9d., 2 oz.; bathing costumes, 25s. 9d., 7 oz.; happi coat, 5s. 11d., 7 oz.; pyjamas, 55s. 9d., 4 oz.; tennis frock, 30s., 4 oz.; afternoon frock, 49s. 6d., 7 oz.; sports coat, 77s., 26 oz.; stockings, 5s. 11d., 1 oz.; total cost, £23 12s. 5d., total weight, 16½ lbs.

Leather makes this coat from Harrod's, Knightsbridge; it has been specially created for wearing in the open plane, and is reinforced with belt and four pockets. The scheme is completed with fitted helmet and gloves

Separate Compartments.

Some aeroplanes have separate compartments for suit-cases and golf clubs; the former have to be made to exact measurements. (Other machines demand that the luggage be specially shaped in order that no space be wasted.) An interesting novelty are the identification plates, which bear the same letters as the aeroplane and are set in appropriate and decorative designs. They are embossed on the travelling outfits. Of course these are only of interest to the owner-pilot; examples may be seen at Selfridges.

For the Open 'Plane.

Pilots are a law unto themselves; some favour a true flying suit, while others consider that a leather coat is all sufficient. In both cases the schemes are completed with a fitted helmet and warm gauntlet gloves. A few weeks ago a woman who had recently taken out her pilot "A" licence invested in a snow-white kid flying suit, including gloves and helmet; it was attractive, but the reverse of practical. For the passenger in an open 'plane, for instance a Moth, there is nothing better than a leather coat, the collar smartly encircling the column of the throat; and of course she must wear a fitted helmet and gauntlet gloves. Harrods, Knightsbridge, are responsible for the outfit on this page. Should a muffler be worn it must be arranged inside the coat. By the way, the face must be treated with Elizabeth Arden's Protecta Cream and then lightly dusted with powder.

For the Closed 'Plane.

As a matter of fact, in the true sense of the word there are no fashions for the closed aeroplane. Naturally, on account of limitations of space, large hats are to be avoided. A smart wrap-coat is essential, similar in character to the one portrayed on this page from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is of a new apple-green wool fabric, which is light and warm, the detachable collar being of leopard's skin. Another fact to be noted is that button fasteners are not advisable, as when they are present coats take unto themselves an ugly crease across the front.

Women who fly in a Puss Moth or other closed plane will applaud this coat from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street. It is of a lovely shade of apple-green wool, the adjustable collar being of leopard's skin





ORCHIS

a new perfume by
YARDLEY

ORCHIS

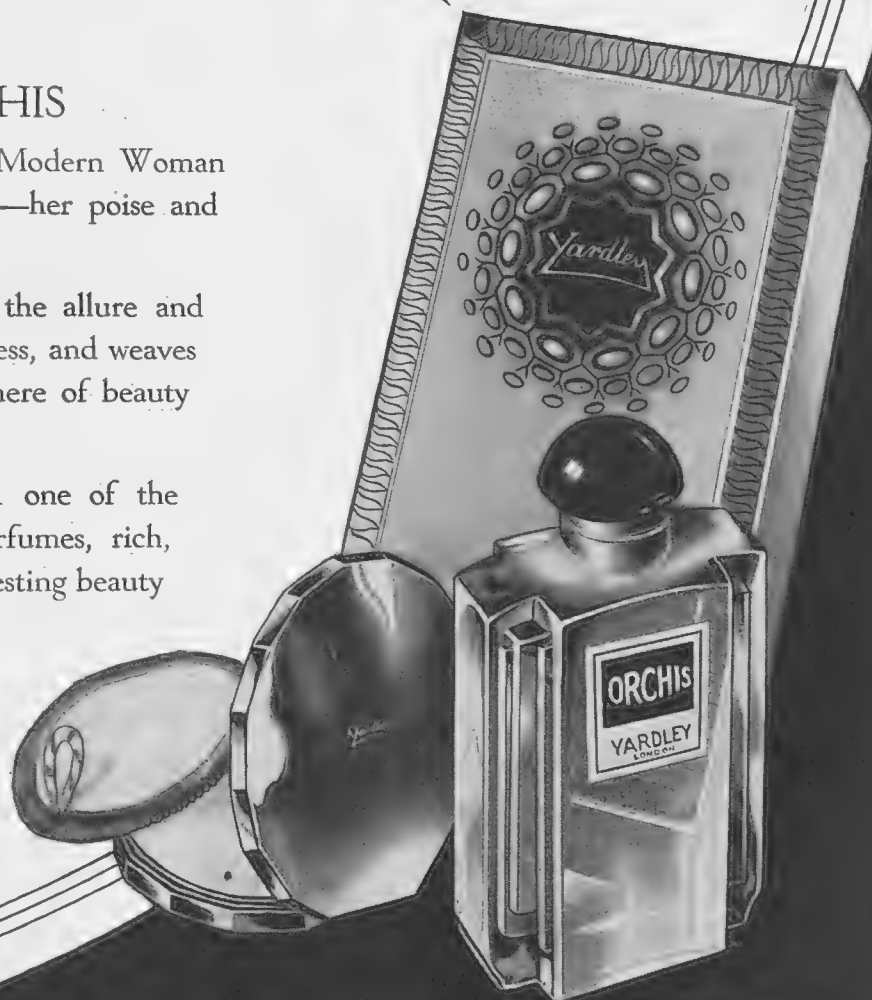
Dedicated to the Modern Woman
—her frank charm—her poise and
personality.

'Orchis' enhances the allure and
charm of her loveliness, and weaves
about her an atmosphere of beauty
and elegance.

It is the newest and one of the
loveliest of modern perfumes, rich,
lasting and with an arresting beauty
which is irresistible.

PERFUME
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OF ALL
CHEMISTS,
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LONDON

An Announcement

THE TATLER FLYING SCHEME

Telegrams received from aerodromes all over the country indicate that our great Flying Scheme has been a tremendous success everywhere. At the time of going to press the latest information shows that the Clubs and Schools have received an overwhelming number of applications for the trial lessons, and many of them now have no more available. This particularly applies to the big centres near London, such as Stag Lane, Heston and Hanworth, which all reached their limit within twenty-four hours of the publication of our offer. This clearly proves that there is a very large public in this country who are air-minded.

We apologise to those of our readers who were unlucky enough to find that there were no further trial lessons available when applying to their particular aerodromes. We fully appreciate their disappointment, but hope that they will not be deterred all the same from taking up flying at some later date.

It is impossible at the time of writing this to predict whether there will still be any trial lessons available at any aerodromes in the country, but it is possible that there may still be a few at some of the aerodromes outside the London area. Readers are advised to ring up their aerodromes in the first instance so as to save themselves disappointment.

The necessary form of application and particulars are not reprinted in this issue, but will be found in the April 15th and 22nd issues of "The Tatler," copies of which can be obtained through any newsagent, or direct from The Publisher, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.





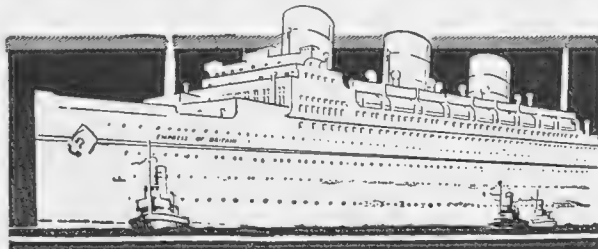
SIZE..... SPEED..... and Something more SPACE!

... for the Individual Passenger

Not merely Size (though she's the latest Great Ship) . . . Not merely Speed (though the Atlantic crossing is an easy 5-day run for her) . . . but . . . SPACE! Space to live! Space to play! The "Empress of Britain" is an unusually spacious Ship; to stroll in the fresh air on her broad decks is like taking a country walk, free and unrestricted. Games? On the Sports Deck you can enjoy a set of mixed doubles on a full size tennis court. You can play a championship "squash" match on a full size court, or hold swimming races in the Olympian Pool, the largest swimming bath on any ship afloat! You can take cocktails, dine and dance in rooms done by

famous artists such as Brangwyn, Lavery, Dulac, Allom, Greiffenhagen and Heath Robinson. You can talk by telephone with Chicago, New York or London. Your living quarters on the "Empress of Britain" are called "apartments" (because they're too big, too comfortable to be mere staterooms!) All apartments have outside light and air—70% have private baths. Per individual passenger there are more tons of ship, more cubic feet of space, more crew, than on any other liner in the World! And while the Atlantic rolls away behind you, you are living in your accustomed shore comfort and freedom.

AMERICA IN 5 DAYS! The "Empress of Britain" provides a new and shorter route between Europe and all parts of North America. Quebec is 500 miles nearer than New York, and the actual Atlantic crossing is reduced to 3½ days, because 1½ days are spent in the sheltered waters of the St. Lawrence Seaway.



Sailings from SOUTHAMPTON and
CHERBOURG to QUEBEC, May 27,
June 17, July 8, July 29 and August 12

WORLD CRUISE by the "Empress of Britain," world's largest luxury cruiser. Itinerary includes New York, Monte Carlo, Algiers, Athens, Jerusalem, Bombay, Singapore, Bangkok, Shanghai, Peking, Yokohama, Honolulu, Panama, etc. Duration 4½ to 5½ months. From Southampton, November 21st, New York, December 3rd, Monaco, December 16th.

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42,500 TONS

OIL-BURNER

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WORLD'S GREATEST

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Air Eddies—continued from p. 190

success in the levelling operation can be guaranteed in a short time by any of the firms which specialize in this kind of work, such as the En-Tout-Cas people. Those who do not wish to shut themselves off from the world of to-day, and who do not wish to live, like the wax flowers of our whiskered grand-parents, in dusty glass cases, must establish their own aerodromes near their country houses, and they must establish them at once. In Great Britain at the present moment there are 50,500 people for every civil aeroplane. In France the figure is slightly better, largely owing to the lavish equipment of the air lines. It is 36,700 people for every aeroplane. In Australia the figure is 25,880, in Canada 19,900, in Peru 19,000, and in the United States 12,500. Considering the crowded state of England and the excessive rules and regulations which hamper private flying, the population per aeroplane in this country is not so high as might be expected. But there is room for improvement. The figure ought to be brought down to 25,000 people per aeroplane before we can consider ourselves civilized.

Wings and Sails.

To-morrow (Thursday) evening Dr. Manfred Curry will give his paper on the "Aerodynamics of Sails" before the Royal Aeronautical Society. Mr. C. R. Fairey, President of the Society, will be in the chair and the paper should prove one of the most interesting of the present session. The wing of an aeroplane is nothing more than a sail, the wind which flows over it being relative. So the aeroplane may really claim descent from the sailing ship, to which it bears a close resemblance in many ways. I am inclined to think—and the race for the America's Cup strengthens this

view—that the sailing-man has at the present moment more to learn from the aeronautical engineer than the aeronautical engineer has from the sailing-man; but from both points of view the closest co-operation would be an advantage. Dr. Curry's lecture ought to help in promoting that co-operation.

Berlin and Back in a Day.

Captain T. Neville Stack and Mr. J. Chaplin in their Vickers-Napier aeroplane made a fine fast flight to Berlin and back in a day as a sort of overture to their attempt to fly to Australia and back in twenty-

one days in the same machine. Their Berlin flight was made at about 124 m.p.h. in bad weather. Considering the equipment at their disposal this speed was good; but it does not compare favourably with American speeds. The Vickers-Napier is an admirable aeroplane, trustworthy and robust, but it was not designed for fast mail carrying. It is obvious that a specialized type would be much faster. In absence of any such specialized type it seems a pity that the Air Ministry could not bring itself to offer Captain Stack and Mr. Chaplin one of the fast day bomber types built for the Royal Air Force. Such a machine would have indicated that, although our civil machines may sometimes be slower than American, Dutch, and French, that slowness is not the result of inability to build fast ones but is simply the result of a deliberate policy which, at the moment, places safety and comfort before very high speed. However, if Captain Stack and Mr. Chaplin succeed in doing their mail-carrying demonstration flight to Australia and back in twenty-one days they will have done a thing which has never been done before and a thing that will without doubt help to affirm Australian faith in the possibilities of an air mail service.

**'AT THE VINE POINT-TO-POINT**

Guy & Milligan

A shivering entertainment held at Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke. Included in this group are: Mr. Tom Thornycroft (on right), who was very busy with his cine-camera; the Duke of Wellington, Lady Eileen Orde and her two children, Julian and Jane, and their governess

POPE & BRADLEY

A CAUSE FOR CONFIDENCE

IT should hardly be necessary for a House of our standing to say that we believe in ourselves, that we love our job and strive always towards perfection. Yet there are so many firms in England who are losing confidence, allowing themselves to sink under by exaggerating a period of general depression, instead of fighting against it, that we feel a few vigorous statements, however platitudinous, may not be amiss.

WE know that there is no other firm in the West End of London which can build finer clothes than ours. And there are very very few whose products are as good.

PERHAPS there is a younger and more progressive spirit about our House than exists in some. We

welcome difficulties, knowing that they test one's strength, and are an added spur to greater effort, harder work, more imagination.

INSTEAD of allowing any pessimistic apathy to affect us, our House has never been keyed to a higher pitch of efficiency. In addition, we are developing our foreign trade to a greater extent than ever before.

SOLID and vigorous, we have no reason to be despondent because people cannot afford to spend as much on clothes as they would in normal times. It merely means that we have to make a greater effort to attract fresh custom. Lightheartedly, yet with determined attitude, the firm is inspired with the spirit of confident optimism—an optimism backed by the production of clothes which are cut and hand-sewn by artists. Britain produces mellow whisky, perfect steel, refined gin, and water—nature's most priceless gift—which enables us to manufacture the finest woollen materials in the world.

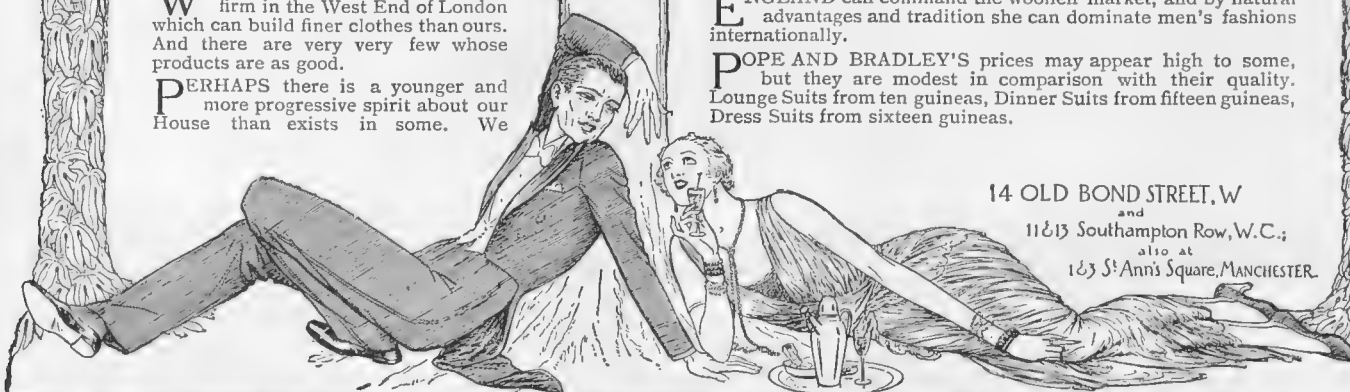
ENGLAND can command the woollen market, and by natural advantages and tradition she can dominate men's fashions internationally.

POPE AND BRADLEY'S prices may appear high to some, but they are modest in comparison with their quality. Lounge Suits from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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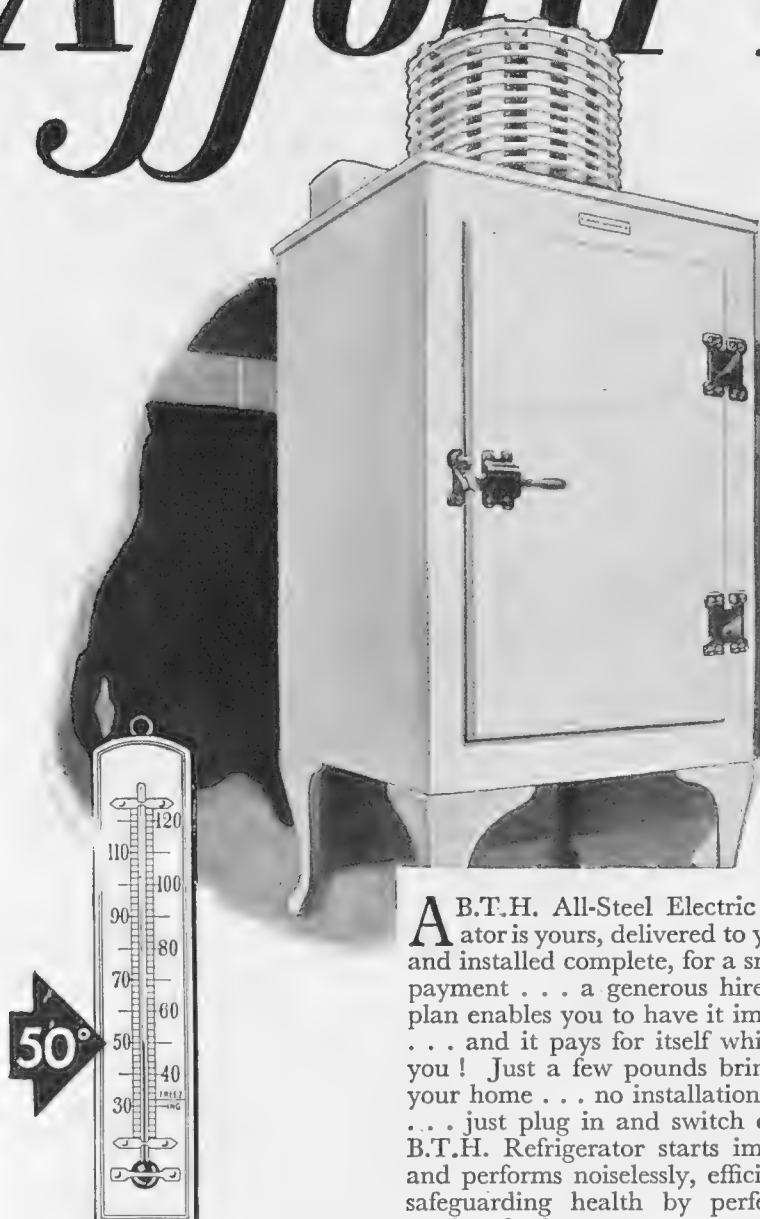
and 11 & 13 Southampton Row, W.C.;

also at 1 & 3 St Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.



Afford it ?

of COURSE you can !



The temperature in the B.T.H. Refrigerator is kept always below 50°F., the bacteria danger point, to ensure that your food will be perfectly preserved and your health safeguarded.

A B.T.H. All-Steel Electric Refrigerator is yours, delivered to your home and installed complete, for a small down payment . . . a generous hire-purchase plan enables you to have it immediately . . . and it pays for itself while serving you ! Just a few pounds brings it into your home . . . no installation problems . . . just plug in and switch on. Your B.T.H. Refrigerator starts immediately and performs noiselessly, efficiently . . . safeguarding health by perfectly preserving food.

B.T.H. Electric Refrigeration is a domestic necessity. You can take advantage of the benefits it gives you *and* of the convenience of paying while enjoying those benefits. This economy more than compensates you for the small periodical outlay.

The Economy of B.T.H. Refrigeration
A B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator is an economy . . . it actually reduces expenses. It keeps food from spoiling . . . that's an economy. It keeps milk from souring . . . that's an economy. Because spoilage is prevented and waste is eliminated, you can buy meat, fruit and vegetables in larger quantities when shopping prices are favourable . . . that's an economy.

You can make your own delicious frozen desserts, salads and refreshments very quickly and easily . . . that's an economy. And while the B.T.H. Refrigerator is doing all these things for you, it is freezing all the ice cubes you can use . . . that's an economy.

The "Steel-Clad Top"

Look for the "Steel-Clad Top" . . . the distinguishing feature of this remarkable electric refrigerator. It never requires attention . . . *not even oiling*. Air, dirt and moisture are sealed out. Automatically it operates at a temperature always below 50° F. Once a B.T.H. All-Steel Electric Refrigerator is installed in your home, your food is safe from the dangers of bacteria . . . perfectly preserved.

There is an authorised dealer near you. He will give you full particulars about a gleaming white B.T.H. Electric Refrigerator. There is a model to suit your exact needs. Address a post card to **International Refrigerator Co., Ltd., 169, Regent Street, London, W.1.** and a brochure will be sent you describing the full line of the Refrigerators with a three year guarantee and a lifetime of trouble-free service.

ALL-STEEL  ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATOR

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 216

An unknown friend sends me some most interesting details about a Riding Club at one of our famous sea-side resorts, which so far as I can make out is doing its best to give its members a thoroughly jolly—and perhaps even an exciting—time; for in addition to the opportunities for equitation, always a great attraction, for most people like it to be thought that they can ride, other amenities are to be provided. The circular says:

It is proposed that the bedrooms shall be let at a small charge per night or per week to include breakfast, and arrangements can probably be made for such rooms to be engaged for long periods. Members can invite their friends to occupy these rooms, which we think may prove of great advantage to residents who would like to accommodate friends at home but whose space or domestic arrangements made it impossible.

Yes! I can quite visualize all this. After this follows a little examination paper with five questions, and my friend sends it and some answers. Here are the questionnaire and the replies:

1. Does the idea in general appeal to you?—Yes.
2. Are you likely to become a member?—No.
3. Are you or your friends (other than members) likely to use the bedrooms from time to time?—Terrific crush will put them off.
4. Are you likely to take light refreshments at the club?—And heavy ones, too.
5. Will you add any helpful suggestions?—Notify the Local Watch Committee and Mrs. M——k!

The whole scheme seems a great advance on the days when the go-ahead Corporation of this sea-side Eden barred waterproof bathing!

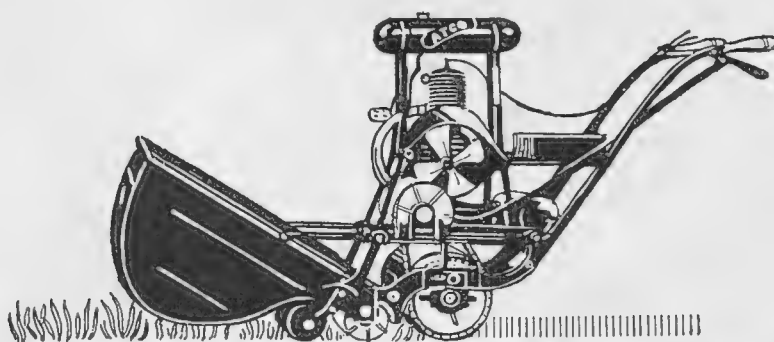


AT THE CASTLE MILK HOUSE-PARTY

A more or less recent snapshot at Sir John Buchanan-Jardine's house-party at his seat at Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Tony Lowther, son of the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, Mr. J. Drummond, Mr. Lionel Edwards, the famous artist, and the host, who has been Master of the Dumfriesshire Hounds since 1921

Arthur Owen

It still continues to rain presents on my quite undeserving head and one which I prize comes from my friend, "Snaffles," who during the past hunting season had a go in Ireland—as I had myself—and this signed remarque proof is one of the results. It is out and away the best thing my talented little friend has ever done, and the legend on it is "Great banks there was below in the fields," a quotation from one of those amusing Irish books by "Martin Ross" (Miss Violet Martin) and Miss Edith Enone Somerville, ex-Master of the Carbery Hounds. The great bank is there to the life with a yawner full of water beyond and on it in the fore-ground of the picture is a real nice young chestnut with Thady or Mickey or Shamus or some other really first-class artist on him just out to learn him how to be a "Hunther." The width of the chasm and the water have just caused him to prop on the bank before "leppin' out" off it; he doesn't really mean to cut it, and slide ignominiously into it; he is just taken by surprise, and when Mickey, or whoever it is, gives him a pink in the ribs with his heels, he'll jump it all right just as the lady on the grey in the middle distance of the picture has done. Where the chestnut has stopped he has dislodged a bit of the bank, and you can see the ripple where it has dropped in the water. That is quite an artistic little touch, and you can hear the mould falling—it is so well painted. I'd long to ride that young horse as will anyone who looks him over—nice quality all over and just the kind of handwriting for some of us. I hear half the girls in Ireland believe that they are the lady on the grey, and "Snaffles" (for safety's sake I do not doubt) has declined to tell them.



Investing instead of spending

Liberal dividends in the form of reduced labour, economies of time and definite saving of money, transform the initial cost of the famous Atco into a worth-while investment for every lawn owner. Fourteen models, including a new De Luxe Range, are now available in sizes from 12 to 36 inches, obtainable upon payment of from £6 down. Cash prices from 21 guineas. Send the coupon below for full details of the Atco plan of gradual disbursement and for catalogues.

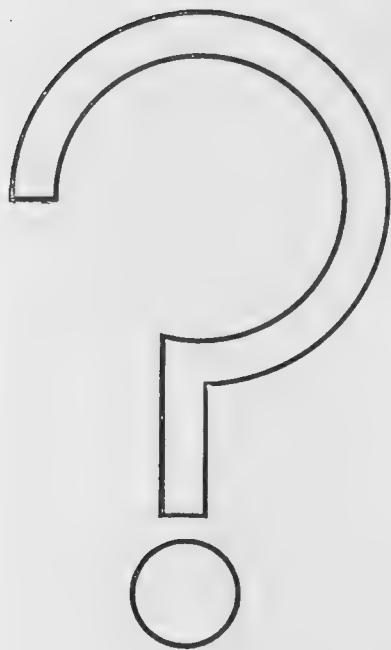
ATCO
ALL BRITISH
MOTOR MOWERS

Please send full particulars of your system whereby I can obtain an Atco for from £6 down. Also include catalogue to

Post this in an unsealed envelope for 1d. to—
CHARLES H. PUGH LTD.,
Whitworth Works, 12, Tilton Road, BIRMINGHAM.



Is unsuspected constipation spoiling your looks?



Constipation destroys health. But it also strikes at something which many women value more—their very looks. When foodways become congested, poisons enter the blood. And these poisons, even more surely than does time itself, bring lines, wrinkles, dull eyes and lifeless hair. In Eno's "Fruit Salt" we have a safe, pleasant and simple means of preventing this self-poisoning. Eno co-operates with nature, through "osmosis," in diluting and punctually dismissing all waste matter from our bodies. Take Eno every morning, and let inner cleanliness preserve your looks. Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6.

ENO'S 'Fruit Salt'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" connote the world-famed effervescent saline of J. C. Eno Ltd., and are registered trademarks.

B. 1, 120

The Passing Shows—continued from p. 193

be made of nougat. Pigeons bill and coo in the eaves and a waterfall, shimmering but sham, gleams on the hill-side. On the grassy slope leading to the footlights goats disport themselves discreetly, shepherds and nymphs tread a measure, and the Marquartsteiner troupe of Tyrolean dancers utter loud cries of bucolic import, smack their hands, hips, legs, and calves resoundingly, and spring into the air like brawny chamoix. This Tyrolean dancing is pleasanter to watch than perform, assuming one is averse to a partner who first seizes the hair of one's head in a vice-like grip and then slaps one's face with unerring accuracy.

Professor Ernst Stern, who is responsible for every scene and dress in this amazing kaleidoscope, has contrived a pastoral here which makes the glammers of the Arabian Nights look like hot-house tinsel. One seems to breathe the mountain air from the stalls and the effect of early morning sunshine, mingled with the brilliant reds, greens, and yellows of the villagers' dresses, acts like a tonic on senses already bemused by the swift marshalling of crowds and the constant ebb and flow of colour. It comes to this, that *White Horse Inn* with its new technique, its mechanical innovations, its lighting, is not one spectacle, nor even a pair, but a glut. By weight of numbers, by sheer money-scorning magnificence (I marvel how a show of this size and splendour can be staged for the paltry sum of £60,000), by a total eclipse of all previous pageantry, this mammoth among miracles stands on a pinnacle of its own making. Perhaps no one except Professor Stern could have better endowed an orgy of colour with such harmony and so many touches of quaint, almost bizarre humour. One sees the hall-mark of this last quality in such scenes as the Town Hall, with its long table of grotesque citizens met together to decide which hostelry

shall be honoured by the presence of the Emperor Francis Joseph, when that venerable monarch arrives by steamer to open the Royal Hunting season. And when the stage revolves in the finale, showing all the previous scenes one by one, we meet again the Professor Stern of *Ever Green's* Neuilly Fair in a glittering cameo of swing-boat and merry-go-round. If there is a fault to be found with all this embarrassment of riches it is in the similarity of one scene and one set of dresses to the next. Once the Tyrol, always the Tyrol.






Amid this mechanized orgy of lusciousness the story wanders with a slight limp. This is no reflection on Captain Harry Graham's book and smoothly-turned lyrics, nor on the prowess of Mr. Clifford Mollison, Mr. Jack Barty, and Mr. George Gee as assorted comedians. Mr. Mollison, the love-sick waiter, fights bravely against scenic submergence; Miss Lea Seidl, the hotel proprietress, makes amends for unduly prolonging her refusals by singing quite delightfully; Mr. Barty, as a Bootle inventor of underwear which buttons up the front or down the back, I forget which, blathers with as much jocularly as occasion permits; Mr. George Gee squirms and minces with alacrity and finds a useful partner in grotesquerie in Miss Mary Lawson; Mr. Bruce Carfax, as a youthful solicitor combining the business of an underwear quarrel with the pleasures of dalliance, sings with verve and distinction; and Miss Rita Page, generally wallowing limply in oddity, now willows semi-seriously in romance. Mr. Frederick Leister's historical portrait of the late Emperor Francis Joseph is a serious morsel of studied acting which is strangely moving. The music is tunefully low-brow, and the chorus are a credit to the commander of their comely cohorts. Of all Mr. Erik Charell's feats of production, I have only room to salute the humorous touches to the procession of towns-folk which greet the Emperor's disembarkation. Kolossal! "TRINCULO."



FRANK AND BETTY BOSTON

The two well-known juggling entertainers who give an excellent and exciting show with Indian clubs and plates, etc., and are very popular on the vaudeville stage. They recently gave their services at The Great Eight Staff Dance and Cabaret at the Imperial Hotel



From the Firth of Forth to the Ports of the World..
By  and  to Cities afar...To the Outposts of
Empire by  and ....Over the Mountains
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leaves the Bonded Warehouse at Leith.....



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every Bottle
Safeguards
the contents.

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"SPECIAL RESERVE"
and
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FIVE STAR
OLD LIQUEUR
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special occasions

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SUMMER USE

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TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

Glass, Steel, and Light.

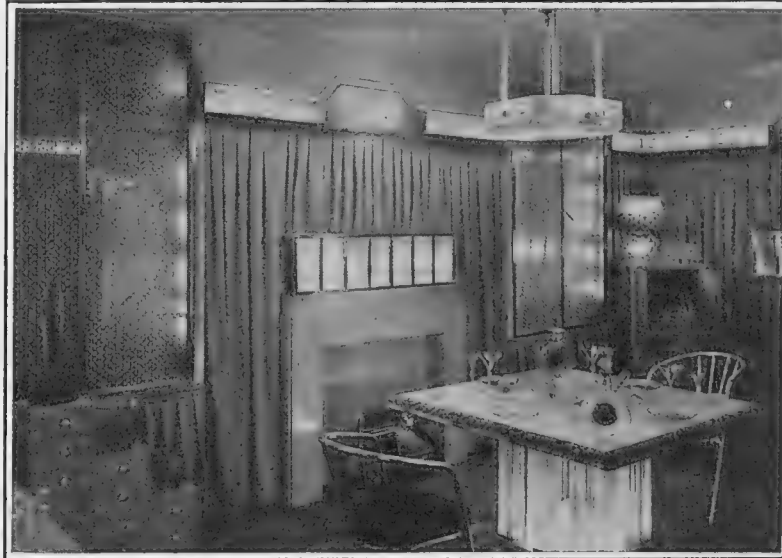
An interesting feature of modern interior decoration is the increasing use of glass and steel. With these as his medium, and electric lighting as an accessory, the artist can obtain effects which are not only novel but extremely beautiful. Much has been written about the massive glass fountain by René Lalique which occupied the middle of the Grand Hall at Olympia. Other specimens of his work were assembled by Breves' Lalique Galleries, and a highly original collection they form. Inset on the walls of the stand were panels of glass with figures of eagles and cupids moulded in low relief. The glass was frosted and illuminated from behind, so that the figures glowed with a soft radiance. From this portico a door of polished steel and glass opened into a miniature dining-room where a glass table is laid with a service of glassware. On the side table were lamps of lovely design, and from the ceiling hung richly modelled electroliers—again emphasizing the unlimited possibilities of glass.

The Bathroom.

Now that the bath is becoming such a cult in England, it is interesting to see how inviting it can be made by a Lalique setting. Illuminated glass panels are extremely practical as well as ornamental. Adaptable as ceiling lights, cornices, pillars, and frames to mirrors, these panels give a pervasive light without shadows—an advantage which will be appreciated both by men and women.

Illuminated Screens.

Furthermore there are illuminated screens and wall lights, delightful vases in coloured glass, and a cocktail cabinet that many will covet for its distinction of design. The most impressive exhibit was a chapel of glass and steel! This sanctuary, designed by Messrs.



A small dining-room equipped with glass designed by René Lalique. The table is of solid glass illuminated from a source concealed in the base. The cornices, the panels over the fireplace, and the pendant are lighted in a similar manner.

Breves and incorporating motifs by René Lalique, is an exquisite achievement. The reredos was decorated with extreme restraint, the crucifix being moulded in clear glass. A soft white light shone upward through the crucifix from a concealed source. The "east window" of this little chapel, and the chancel gates, reveal the same calm beauty, the same harmony of glass and steel. Through the enterprise of Messrs. Breves a permanent exhibition of Lalique glass has long been established at the firm's Lalique Galleries, 2, Basil Street, Sloane Street, S.W.3, where the latest works of René Lalique are always on view.

All Sizes One Price.

Parents of school children have no need to lament that as each term comes round clothes for their children grow in cost as well as in size. At Harrods (Knightsbridge, S.W.), an all-sizes-one-price service is available for both boys and girls, and thus enables parents to make their purchases, secure in the knowledge that whatever the age and size of their children, the price of their clothes remains the same. This service is never more welcome than just now, when new clothes are needed for the forthcoming summer term, and as, in addition, Harrods definitely guarantee their price to be as low as any ruling for the same article elsewhere at the same time, parents are eager to avail themselves of the facilities offered. This firm's experience in school-outfitting extends over many years, and the suggestions they are able to make, as well as the rulings their position as official outfitters to many of the leading schools enables them to give, save parents much time and trouble.

Useful Booklets.

A "School Days Book," informative and helpful, has been published and will be sent free. For younger children there are two catalogues—the "Little Boy's Book" and the "Little Girl's Book."

They Fit Naturally

The woman whose figure shows a tendency to over-development at the hips can be fitted with a foundation garment from the Berlei range that will mould her figure as naturally as though specially designed for her.

There is no womanly figure of more apparent grace than the "big hip" type when improved and beautified by the gentle control of a Berlei Foundation Garment.

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*But these
silk stockings
were "different"*

SHE liked the look of them, but she never thought they'd wear better than any other silk stockings. Yet they *did*—washing after washing they went through without losing their fit or lovely subdued finish. Well, of course, she's asked for Morley's ever since. Says she feels as sure of them as if she'd actually followed the careful testing and re-testing of each thread, seen for herself how Morley stockings are *knitted* to fit, so pliant, so elastic in texture. She says her silk stocking worries are over—now that she's found a make she can trust.

MORLEY

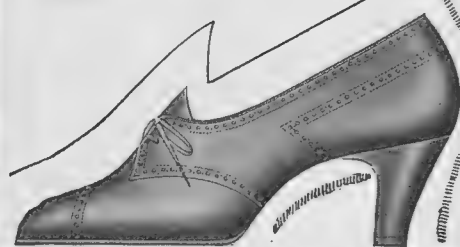
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THE LONDON SHOE COMPANY LTD

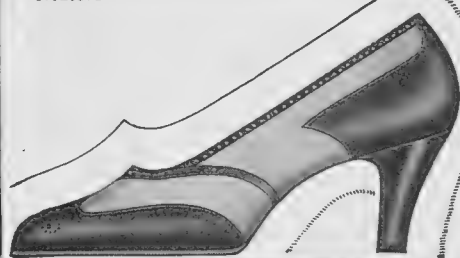
"Monica"



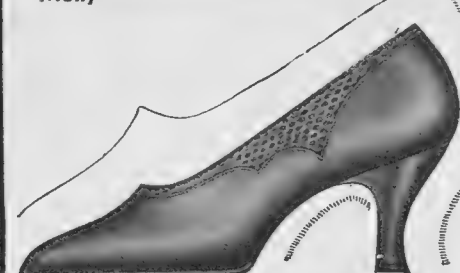
"Lincoln"



"Maisie"



"Molly"





"Monica" Dark brown,
navy blue or black tie
shoe, medium Louis XV
heel 35/-

"Lincoln" Brown
Lizard and Willow calf
Oxford, low leather
sport heel . . . 45/-

"Maisie." — White/
brown white/black or
white/blue court shoe,
medium Spanish heel
- 35/-

"Molly." — Brown
glaze kid court trimmed
brown python. Also in
black with black python
- 45/-

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21 & 22 SLOANE ST. W.I. 260 REGENT ST. W.I. 

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Summer Weddings.

Some time in July, Mr. F. E. L. Mathias Thomas, of Tenby House, Tenby, is marrying Miss Gladys Richardson Billington, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Lawrence Billington and Mrs. Billington of Clifton House, Cockermouth; Mr. Francis Thibault Boyd, Captain in the 2nd Division, American Army, during the War, and now Assistant Secretary of the New York Stock Exchange, and Miss Sydney V. Wilson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Robert Wilson of Ashbury, Philadelphia, are being married in June; and another July wedding is that between Mr. F. Alan B. Luke, the son of the late Mr. W. B. Luke and Mrs. Luke of 12, Leinster Road, N.W., and Miss Hilda C. Wethered, the daughter of the Rev. A. J. Wethered and the late Mrs. Wethered, formerly of Kingswood, Surrey, and at present living at Eastbourne.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Basil Livingston, the son of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Livingston of 3, Saint Bernard's Crescent, Edinburgh, and Miss Marion La Ban Browne, the daughter of Mrs. G. Morgan Browne of 1136, Fifth Avenue, New York; Major Patrick Desmond Mulholland, M.C., Sudan Civil Service, late the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Miss Marjorie Brook, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brook of Lidwells, Goudhurst, Kent; Mr. Arthur Orme Gill, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Gordon Gill of The Old House, High Trees, Reigate, and Miss Barbara Felicity Pitt, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Stanhope Pitt of Broadlands,



MR. DUDLEY C. MADDICK



MISS ANNE JOHNSTON SMITH

Whose engagement was announced at the end of last month. Mr. Dudley Maddick is the son of Mr. George J. Maddick, and is a Director and Advertising Manager of "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." His fiancée is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Johnston Smith of Glasgow

Wilts; Captain Gerald Reginald Steel, M.B.E., the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, and Miss Mary Christabel Tickle, the only daughter of Mr. Ernest Tickle of Hazely, Guernsey, and Mrs. Tickle of Sydney, Australia; Mr. John Christie of Glyndebourne, Sussex, and Miss Audrey St. John Mildmay, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. St. John Mildmay of Vancouver, British Columbia.

Warlingham, Surrey; Captain E. Jones, Royal Artillery, and Miss Margaret Alford, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Alford of Penlee Gardens, Devonport; Mr. William Cecil Neild, the only son of the late Mr. F. W. Neild and Mrs. Neild of Lavender Leez, Little Leighs, Chelmsford, and Miss Lorna Gracey, the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Gracey and Mrs. Gracey of Northcote Manor, Umberleigh, North Devon; Dr. John Kenneth Bostock, M.C., M.B., of The Corner House, Buckingham, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bostock of Abberley, Worcester, and Miss Judith Rutter-Smith, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rutter-Smith of Scarborough; Mr. John M. Martin, elder son of Mr. Lucius Trowbridge Martin and Mrs. Martin of Seend House, Seend, Wilts, and Miss Helen Barker, eldest daughter of Mr. Stephen Barker and Mrs. Barker of Short Hills, New Jersey, U.S.A.; Mr. Edgar P. Barker, the second son of Colonel and Mrs. Barker of Stanlake Park, Twyford, Berks, and Miss Nancy Longsdon, the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred A. Longsdon and Mrs. Washington Singer of Norman Court, Salisbury,



Smoked by the Carriage Gentry!

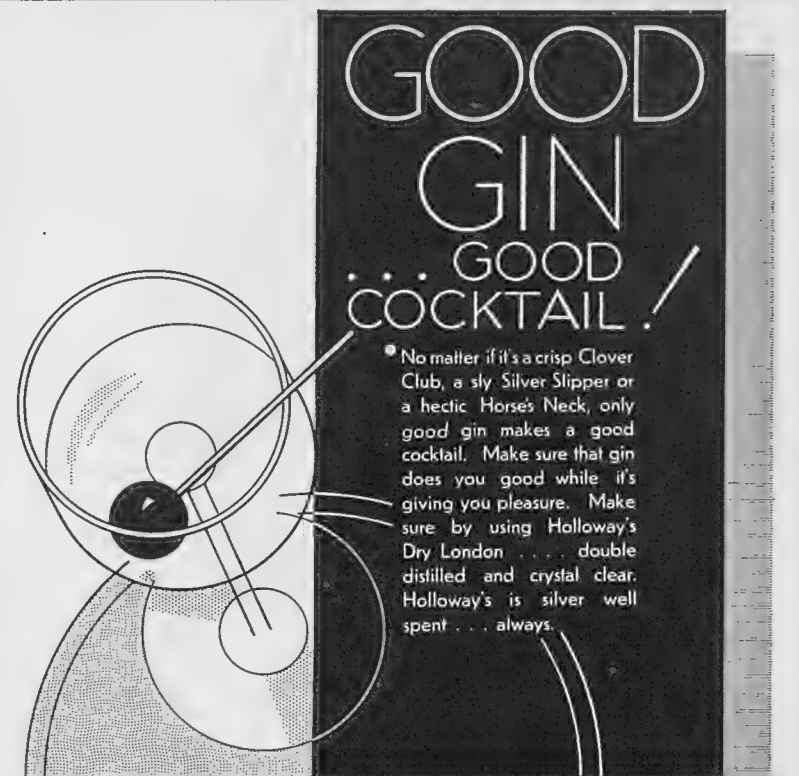
It's like magic the way the little absorbent linen filter hidden in every "Royal Beauties" cigarette intercepts the particles of nicotine that used to irritate your throat when you smoked ordinary cigarettes. Just you buy "Royal Beauties" and enjoy yourself—they have been smoked by many of the most critical smokers in England for over 40 years

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A visit to the Roussel Salons entails no obligation. There you will find expert corsetieres happy to take infinite trouble to fit you intimately. And you will delight in the luxurious comfort and freedom of your belt by Roussel. Awkward lines and too generous contours melt away under its insistent massaging effect. The most economical Belt you can buy. It lasts so long—does so much. And remember: Six months free adjustment service.

Post Orders You can order by post with perfect confidence. Correct fitting guaranteed or money refunded. Give size of bust, hips (stripped) and total height. The full range of belts by Roussel provides for every type of figure and every occasion.

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IN THE NEWS



Arthur Owen
AT THE SUFFOLK POINT-TO-POINT: MISS DALEY AND LIEUT.-COLONEL JOYCE-TOMLIN

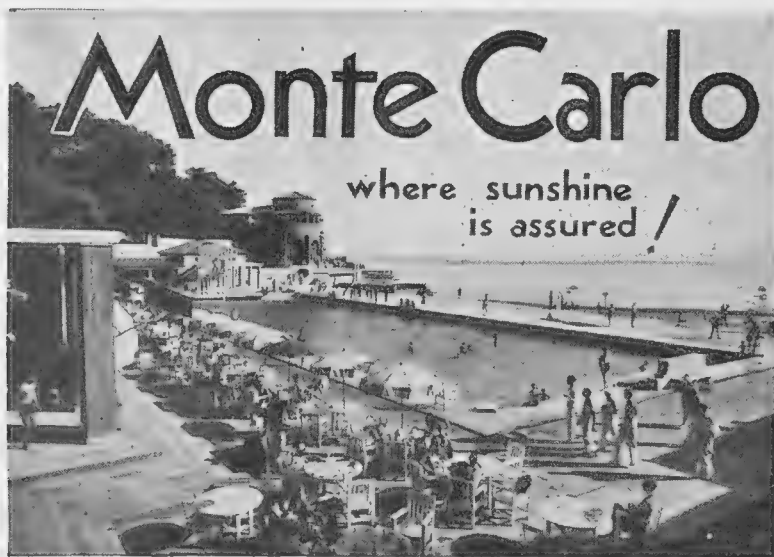


Howard Barrett
AT THE GROVE POINT-TO-POINT: SIR ALBERT AND LADY BINGHAM, AND MRS. INCHBALD



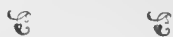
Lafayette
AT HEADLAM HALL, GAINFORD: LORD AND LADY GAINFORD

Some recent pictures on various occasions. The Suffolk held their Point-to-Point at Bradfield St. Clare, and Sir Albert Bingham, who is Joint Master of the Grove, won the Members' Race on Nipper. Mrs. Inchbald is Sir Albert and Lady Bingham's daughter. Lord Gainford, who was formerly Mr. J. A. Pease, and Lady Gainford were at their Durham seat, Headlam Hall



MONTE CARLO BEACH

SUMMER TIME in the Principality of Monaco is ideal. All outdoor sports can be enjoyed, King Sol ever being in his most brilliant and smiling mood.



THE MONTE CARLO BEACH

is the magnet which draws all Society. The great feature of the Coming Summer Season in Monte Carlo will be the NEW CASINO, where Roulette and all other games of chance will be played, and where the finest and most wonderful attractions will be presented.

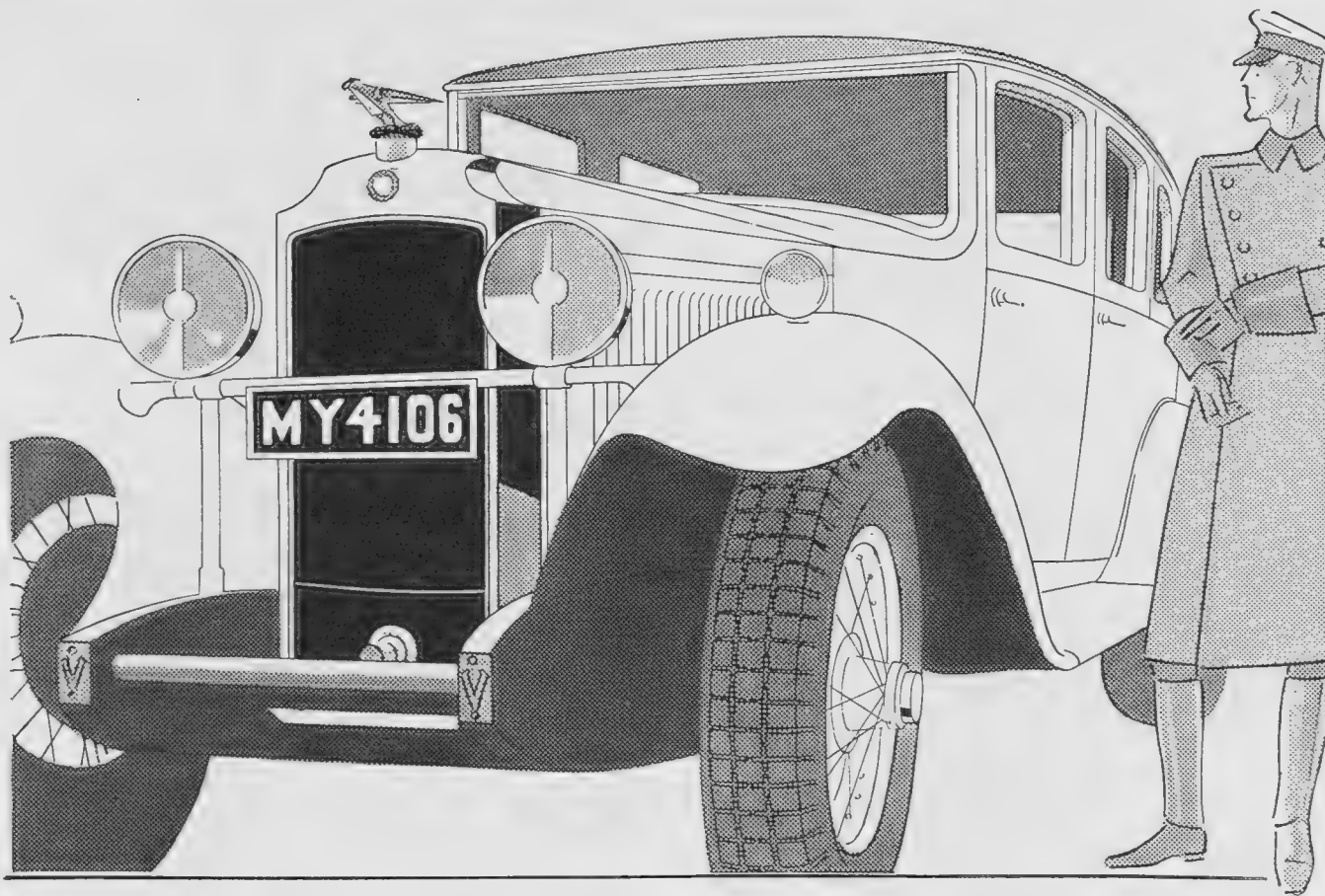


Princes Hotel contains many self-contained suites of real charm. The exceptional cuisine and service place Princes among the finest Hotels of the world. Single and double rooms may be had with or without bathrooms. Princes overlooks the sea and Hove Lawns, it is within easy reach of four golf courses.

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VAUXHALL
'EIGHTY'
to know how well it runs



The Grosvenor 7-Seater Limousine, £650.

LOOK at the Vauxhall Eighty as it stands majestically by the kerb. Its very appearance tells you how perfectly this car tackles the crowded streets of big cities — and yet with what smoothly-flowing power it reels off the miles on the open road, and with what effortless ease it sails up the steepest hills. Every line of the fluted bonnet and the handsome coachwork speaks of brilliant performance and superb comfort.

For this is "the big Vauxhall" — the supreme triumph of twenty-five years' experience in building cars whose achievements match even their looks.

Ask any Vauxhall dealer for a trial run in the

Eighty. Put the 24 horse-power engine through its paces. See for yourself how fine a car it is for town or country, how exactly it is suited to motoring conditions to-day.

Prices: Princeton Tourer, £485; Richmond Saloon, £495 (sliding roof £10 extra); Velox Fabric Saloon, £495; Kingston Sportsman's Coupé, £535; Grafton Coupé, £575; Grosvenor 7-seater Limousine, £650; Westminster 7-seater Limousine, £695. Write for illustrated catalogue to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

For those who want a smaller car there is the 17-h.p. 6-cylinder Vauxhall Cadet from £275 to £298. The Vauxhall Eighty and Cadet are on show at



174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Eve at Golf—continued from p. 224

very greatly to anybody, but the day ought to have been some help to the selection committee who, in any case, have the most sincere sympathy of everybody else in an almost impossible task.

Champions just at the moment seem made to be beaten, for Miss Wilson in turn went down the day after



A victory at Ghezireh: Mrs. Hiron, from Fulford, Yorkshire, being presented with the trophy after winning the Ladies' Open Championship of Egypt



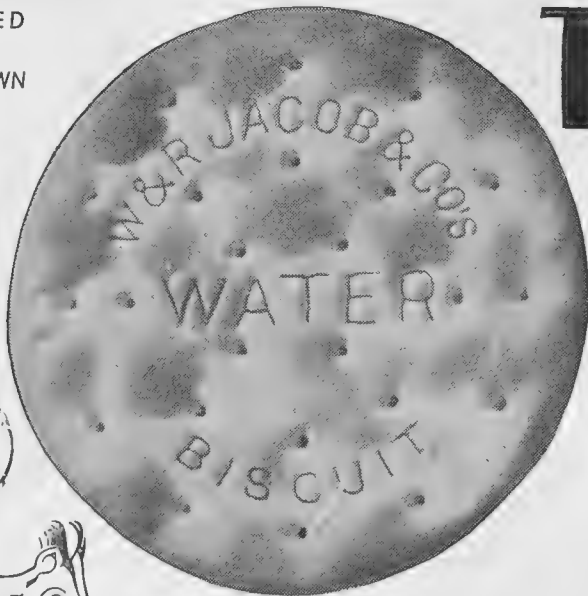
Ian Smith

At Gullane: The combined teams in the Scottish Women v. Men match, an annual event. Back row—J. D. Lownie, W. B. Torrence, R. G. Henderson, W. C. White, W. J. Guild, J. C. Rose, D. S. Weir, Dr. Cleland, Russell Boyack, Stuart Forsyth, F. W. Paulin, J. S. Graham; second row—Miss Cochrane, Miss McCulloch, Mrs. J. B. Watson, Mrs. Percy, Miss Cameron, Miss C. M. Park; front row—Mrs. Greenlees, Mrs. Coats, Miss Doris Park, Miss M. Thomas, Miss Montgomery, Mrs. Wallace Williamson

Walton Heath when she was leading the Medical side in the Wilton shield at Denham. Miss Dorothy Pearson was her victor, and showed herself back again in the sort of form which gave her her silver medals in the Open and English Championships of 1927 and 1928. She was driving just as far or farther than Miss Wilson, and putting supremely well. Miss Wilson played the shots up to the hole much more accurately than she has been doing all the Spring, but the putts did not go down, and that was

the real reason why Miss Pearson, who was out in a brilliant 37, was able to beat her. She herself went down in the afternoon to Mrs. Percy Garon, who led United Services to their seventh win of the shield. All the same the Legal's defeat of the Medical in the morning was something worth noting. Denham was entirely delightful, and although the big trees were bare, the larches were bursting, and there were bluebells and dog violets and other Spring joys flowering in the woods.

HIGH BAKED
OR
GOLDEN BROWN



The only water biscuit with the *true* nutty flavour.

Water Biscuits are not at all the same thing if you leave out that vital first word "JACOB'S." And cheese without Jacob's Water Biscuits is like strawberries without the cream.

Loose in ½lb. packets, or 1/3, 2/- and 2/5 tins.

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BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS DUBLIN

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**‘What—ME be a second
Amy Johnson?’**

**‘Why not? – some of my
best woman-pilots
can’t even drive a car!’**

SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY

After the first ten minutes’ instruction on a modern NFS aeroplane you’re amazed by the simplicity of flying. Your hands, your feet, are on a set of controls and you feel as well as see every movement the pilot makes. In a wonderfully short space you’re imitating his movements instinctively. He lets you do more and more. But always he’s there, watchful, ready, to help you out of any difficulty. Before long you’re in full charge—landing, taking off—flying—by yourself. (People much more timid than you have got to that stage in as little as eight hours!). Then the real fun of flying begins for you. You take your licence—easy tests. After that you can hire an aeroplane from NFS and fly it where you like. There are NFS air parks up and down the



country—waiting to welcome you. Come to Hanworth and Captain Max Findlay will show you how we teach. Come and see the care we lavish on all NFS aeroplanes. Come any time you like and ask to see Captain Findlay. Or, if you’d rather—write to him for particulars.

NFS

NFS stands for National Flying Services, the great private flying organisation with a chain of clubs covering the country. A member of one is a member of all. Headquarters: The Grange, The London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex. London Information Office: Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square. Clubs and Air Parks at Reading, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull and Blackpool.

The Hanworth Club is 12 miles from London, off the Great West Road. Plenty of buses & trains. Phone Feltham 236. London Office Phone: Gerrard 9316.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 218

Winged Words.

If you said that there was a touch of the American about this Hillman, I should say that you were justified, and that the car was justified too. But, saving your presence, I would assert that it is better than any American car of its type and price. It is faster, it is sweeter and more refined, it is nicer to drive; it has, in fact, all the qualities of the British sporting model. And I am afraid it is going to have a bad influence. Putting it in bald language, this "world-beater" cruises at about fifty—an engine, that only had a few hundred miles to its credit, easily got 70 m.p.h. against my impeccable stop-watch—and this I regard as a totally immoral speed. But worse than that, this Hillman is so damnably sweet that it positively encourages you to keep your foot down on the pedal. And this it does in more senses than one. No pot-hole that a lorry ever made can give you discomfort. You will know that it is there, because you can see it coming; but you will certainly never feel any effects after its blithe disposal. Captain J. S. Irving has brewed some magical alchemic compound in which he has soaked his springs—that is the only explanation I can find, for they behave differently from almost *all* other springs. There is one corner in particular that I know well—a brute, bumpy, slithery, and capable of being most unpleasant. I whispered to Mrs. P. V., "Look out!" The fact is, I had made up my mind that this confounded Hillman had got to display a fault, and I was dearly reckoning upon turning round to the patient demonstrator and remarking, "I told you so." He had seen what was coming, and busied himself in the lighting of a cigarette.



AT THE SUFFOLK POINT-TO-POINT

Arthur Owen

A group in the saddling paddock at Bradfield St. Clare last week, where the Suffolk Hunt ran their meeting. Included in the picture are Captain and Mrs. Smelt, Mr. and Mrs. Dearbergh, and Mr. Bretherton

I went round that bumpetty bend a great deal faster than I meant to, and there was never a judder. And a few minutes later a quiet voice said, "You see, sir, this car has been designed so that er-optimistic drivers can take quite lots of liberties with it." A great car, a fine car, a car that sets up a new milestone along the road of British automobilism. A tremendous achievement, and (this is what I most particularly like) all British car manufacturers greet it as such.

The Juice.

For obvious reasons I have to be rather careful about the experiences which I record—*littera scripta manet*—but I must let loose the conviction that cheap petrol is not a paying proposition. I have done so on many occasions before, and I have not the least doubt that I have been the humble means, etc., etc. But between you and me, Mrs. P. V. very seldom reads the articles in which I persistently and consistently recommend motorists to buy the best, and nothing but the best, in petrol and oil. And even supposing that she did, the gospel that I preach would be smothered by a Woolworthism which, whilst at times intensely irritating has, I confess, valuable advantages—particularly in the matter of household glass. When Sukey drops the tray you merely exclaim, "Good-bye, half-a-dollar," whereas formerly you regarded the whole day as blighted. Well now, Mrs. P. V. (suspecting the machinations of Mr. Snowden) bought some *very* cheap petrol t' other day. And she couldn't get her car to start. And the gardener nearly broke his arm winding the handle. And she had to 'phone the local garage for assistance. And she's run her batteries down. And, as far as I can make out, she's saved four-pence at the cost of about ten bob. And the beastly stuff won't even work in my lighter.

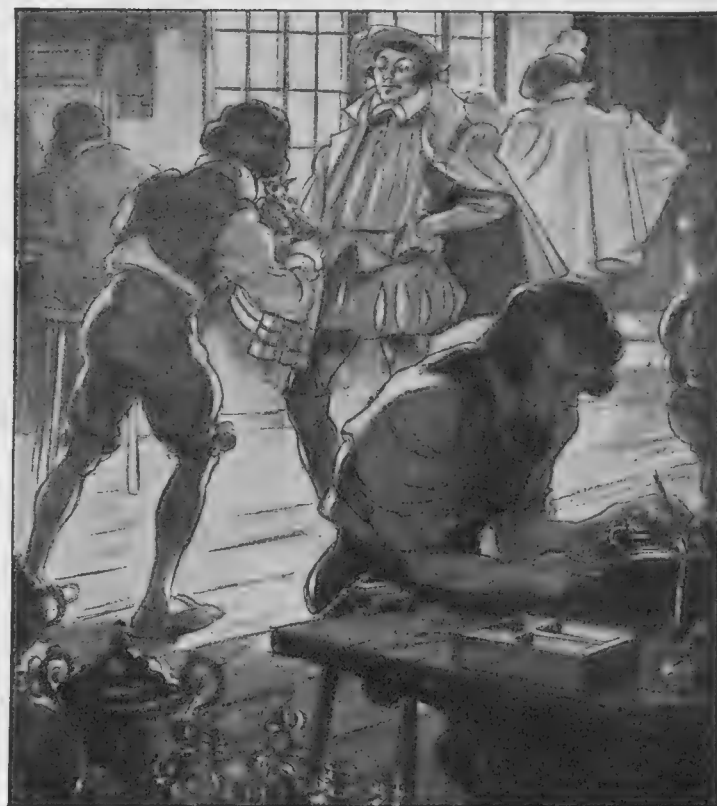


Craftsmanship

Machines are said to be replacing craftsmen—a statement not always true. For machines cannot often produce the best; quality is their sacrifice to quantity.

To make one thing well is the sole object of craftsmanship—the reward of years of concentration, a lifetime of endeavour.

So in the making of Castrol, machines are but the servants of craftsmen—Britons all, men of rare capacity.

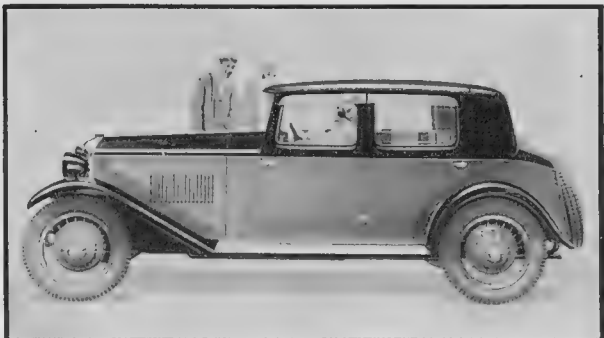


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with its performance, smoothness and economy, will, in a single test, astonish the most discriminating motorist.

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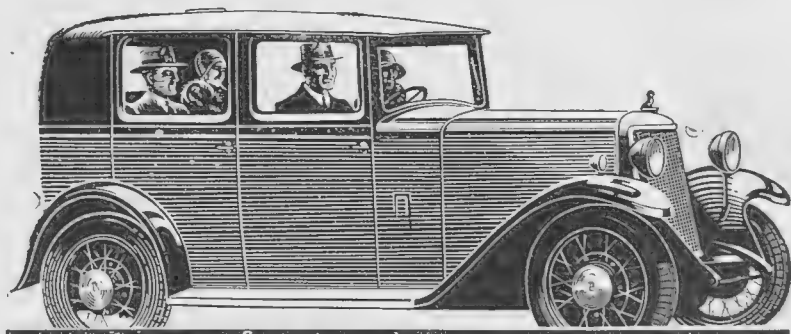
BIG car coachwork, self-changing gear, magnificent 15h.p. 6 cylinder engine of aircraft quality—these are three features which make the Armstrong Siddeley "Short Fifteen" the greatest value at its price. Test its remarkable acceleration, smoothness and comfort. Prove its running economy for yourself. A trial run on roads you know can be arranged immediately at any Armstrong Siddeley Agents.

Write for Catalogue B, 141 and the Armstrong Siddeley 1931 Calendar and Mileage Chart.

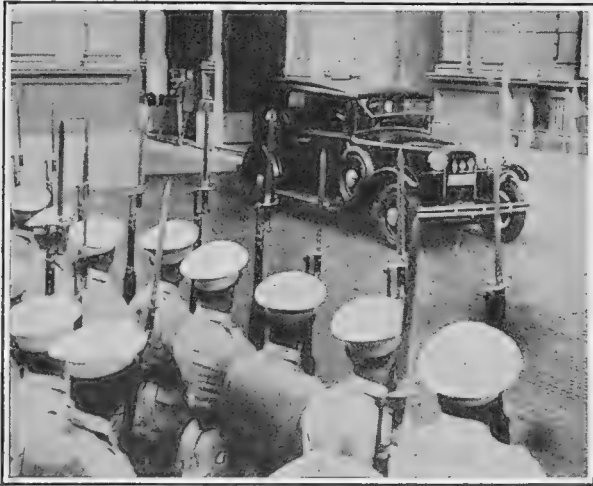
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H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Leaving Government House, Buenos Aires, after calling on the President in the Humber Pullman Limousine, which he took specially out from England with him

is that every Riley club member who is also a golfer shall play on his own course on some convenient date during May, June, or July a single round (medal play), that the score shall be recorded by a fellow member of the club on a special Riley motor club card. The card shall be signed by the member and countersigned by the golf club secretary and then forwarded to the hon. secretary of the Riley Motor Club, "Koyama," Lichfield Road, Sutton Coldfield. The necessary cards are obtainable from the hon. secretary on application. For the purpose of the competition, England, Scotland, and Wales are being divided into twelve sections. The two players in each section with the best net scores will qualify for the major competition which will be arranged on a centrally-situated course over 36 holes on some week-end in September.

The pioneer voyages of Drake and Frobisher made the British Empire possible. The pioneer flights of our modern airmen keep it together. In future histories, the week April 5-12 will be remembered by

MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

The owners of Riley cars have formed themselves into a club which has only been in existence for a few years, but which, nevertheless, can boast that it is the largest one-car club in the world. This club organizes very many motor sporting events, but its latest move is the inauguration of a golf competition. The proposition

posterity as marking a further stage in this process of unification. During that week two Englishmen, continuing the tradition of Alcock and Brown, Cobham and Hinckler, lowered once again the record of travel between the most distant points of the Empire. In the early days, just after the War, it was wonder that these flights could be accomplished at all that excited public interest. Now the routes have been mapped out for regular services, and it is the speed of performance which attracts admiration. While this speed depends first and foremost on the courage and endurance of the airman, it also depends very largely on the efficiency of the ground organization at the chosen stopping places. Petrol supplies must be at hand, and a trained personnel with them; when daylight is valuable every minute wasted in filling up may imperil the success of the flight. Both Commander Kidston and Mr. Scott looked to the Shell Company for their petrol supplies, the former even ordering stocks at intermediate intervals in case of a forced landing; and both were justified in their confidence.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

Taking delivery of a Star "Comet" Coupé at the Star Motor Works at Wolverhampton

The Buick "6" put up a splendid performance
BUT THE BUICK "8"
HAS IT BEATEN

and this Four-Door Saloon
costs under £400

THREE RANGES OF BUICKS

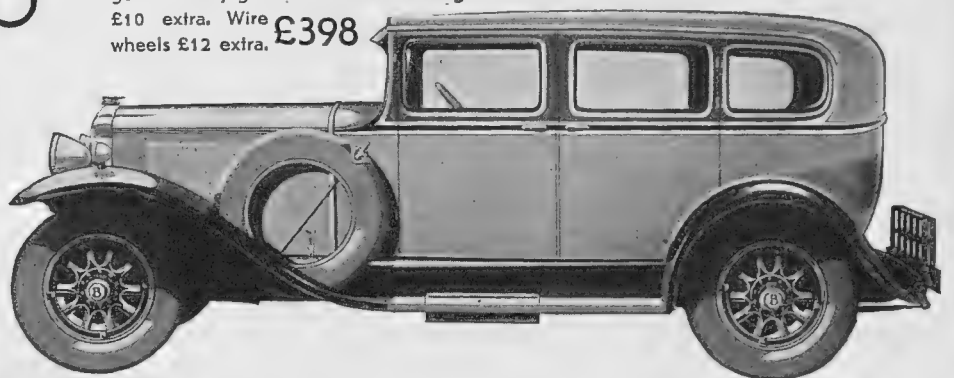
27-H.P. LIGHT SALOON . . . £398
WHEELBASE 114"

*30-H.P. STANDARD SALOON . £485
WHEELBASE 118"

*36-H.P. MASTER LIMOUSINE . £695
(7-SEATER) WHEELBASE 132"

* These models are equipped with dual carburation. All models now have synchro-mesh gears.

THE LIGHT BUICK Dominion four-door saloon, with 27-h.p. O.H.V. engine. Capable of over 70 miles an hour. Synchro-mesh gears. Safety glass windscreen. Sliding roof £10 extra. Wire wheels £12 extra. £398



EVEN better than the Buick Six — that's the unanimous verdict on the Buick Eight. And it's high praise indeed! For everyone knows what a great car the Six was.

The top-gear performance is amazing, even for Buick — the running as smooth at walking-pace in crowded streets as when you devour the miles at seventy-five to eighty on the open road. The brakes bring you quickly to a

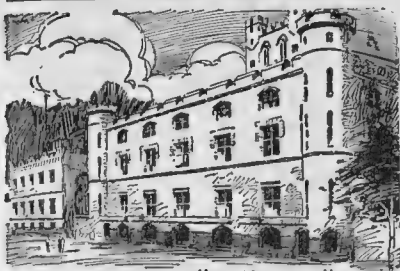
standstill, with never a jerk or jar. A touch on the accelerator puts you ahead in an instant.

And with it all there is, for the first time, a Buick four-door saloon under £400. Ask a Buick dealer for a catalogue and for details of the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. He will be pleased to give you a trial run. Or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

BUICK STRAIGHT-8

27 H.P. 30 H.P.
36 H.P.

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SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S STAR COMET COUPE



Operating the Jacks.

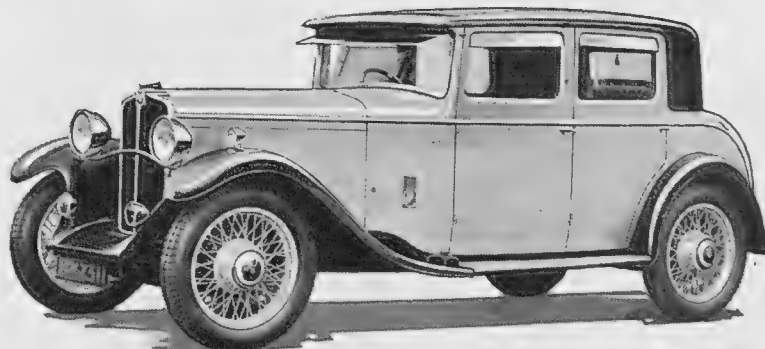


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with the Jackall four-wheel Jacks built into the car, which raises any individual wheel, or all four wheels, by a simple operation. Tecalet one-shot chassis lubrication which lubricates the whole of the chassis by simple pedal pressure from driver's seat. Patent signalling window, silent third-speed gear box, Bendix Perrot brakes on four wheels, Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, high pressure engine lubrication, and every possible device for ensuring care-free luxury motoring. Two years' guarantee and two years' free periodical inspection.

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Notes from Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for a young woman who for the past fourteen years has been earning very good money as second violinist in the orchestra of one of London's largest music halls. She is ineligible for the dole. She is the entire support of her mother, a widow, who is absolutely helpless with arthritis; she is bed-ridden and so crippled that she cannot even turn over the leaves of a book. While in work the daughter paid a woman to be with and care for her mother whilst she was away, so that she could never save as much as she could otherwise have done; and now they are nearing the end of the daughter's nest-egg and still, in spite of unwearying efforts, no new work is in sight. She is ready for any other kind of daily work, but we want £20 to help her over this temporary crisis until she can readjust their mode of living to very much poorer circumstances.

A matinée is being held at the Cambridge Theatre (by kind permission of Mr. Bertie Meyer) in aid of the Harrow Mission. *Bulldog Drummond* is the play chosen, and the cast will include Sir Gerald du Maurier, who is organizing the matinée, and many other well-known actors. Tickets are from 3s. 6d. to 21s., and may be obtained from the theatre or the usual agencies.

The Derby Ball is being held at Grosvenor House on June 2. It is in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has consented to be present, and the Embassy Band will be in attendance. There will be dancing from 10 to 3, and tickets are £2 2s. each (including supper). A cabaret is also being arranged, in which many well known artists are taking part.



ON THE GENEAGLES HOTEL LINKS

Sir "Fuzzy" Graham, Sir Kay Muir (both very well known aforetime in Calcutta), and Captain and Mrs. J. Campbell. Sir Cecil Graham was ninth man for the Oxford boat in his time, and also well known in Indian polo circles (in final I.P.A. Championship), and in other realms of sport—racing on a minor scale to wit

Many prominent lawn tennis players will take part in the display tennis matches which are being arranged by Mrs. Eileen Bennett Whittingstall in aid of the Building Fund of the Stafford Street Settlement on Monday, May 4, at 3 p.m., at the Melbury Club, Kensington. This Settlement is the new headquarters of the Union of Girls' Schools for Social Service, and was recently opened by Her Majesty the Queen. The matches should prove exceptionally interesting, as the players include Miss Betty Nuthall, Miss E. H. Harvey, Mrs. Godfree, Miss Mary Heeley, H. W. Austin, F. J. Perry, J. S. Cliff, and many others equally well known.

A sterling silver trophy presented by the Prince of Monaco for the professional motor race held under the auspices of the Royal Automobile Club of Monaco was designed and manufactured by Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of London, Paris, and Nice.

The Annual Exhibition and Sale of embroidery done by the disabled ex-service men belonging to the Disabled Soldiers' Embroidery Industry (Friends of the Poor), 42, Ebury Street, S.W., will be held at 35, Lowndes Square by kind permission of Violet, Lady Melchett on May 13 and 14. This industry offers to ex-service men, too seriously disabled to be able to work outside their own homes, trained and paid employment in church embroidery, banners, petit point, cross stitch, etc. Some wonderful examples will be on view and for sale.

To ensure that their ice cream is supplied to the public really cold and firm—even on the hottest days of this summer—Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., ordered 700 Electrolux refrigerators for conserving ice cream (making 1,200 in all) for distribution to their agents throughout the country.



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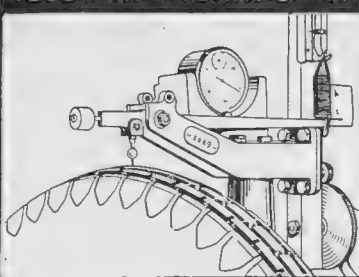


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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

By the time these notes appear the entries for our Open Show will have closed. All that now remains is to remind readers that the Show takes place on May 13-14, and should be full of interest.

With our Open Show so near, it is appropriate to give a picture of one of the famous dogs belonging to our Show chairman, Lady Howe. Champion Banchory Danilo is worthy son of the immortal Double Champion Banchory Bolo. He is a winner of thirty-one challenge certificates, and has also done well in the field. He is a perfect type of a Labrador, and one of the very best of the many famous dogs that have emanated from this kennel. As we all know, Lady Howe is the foremost authority on this breed, for which she has done so much. She has proved that a dog can be good both on the bench and in the field, so that up to the present (long may it be so) the Labrador has escaped the fate of other sporting breeds, where the show and working dogs are two distinct types. This is chiefly owing to the exertions of Lady Howe in not allowing

"fancy" points to predominate in judging, to the detriment of working qualities.

The Keeshond grows daily in popularity, and will continue to do so as his charming qualities become better known. Baroness Burton sends a picture of her lovely dog Dochfour Jasper, winner of many prizes. The Baroness is one of the people to whom the success of the Keeshond in England is mainly due, she must be much pleased with their progress. She has a family of Jasper's to dispose of which are

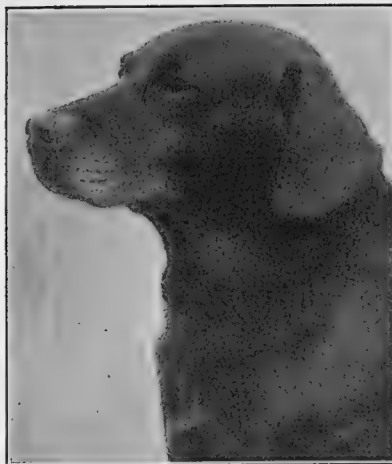
to train in good manners." Mrs. Hornyold, owing to reducing, wishes to recommend her kennelman. He is a thoroughly experienced man, good trimmer, and knows book-keeping. He would like to go to boarding kennels.

Miss Desborough wishes me to remind exhibitors that she is prepared to take dogs from shows and to quarantine them. She has special kennels for this purpose which are isolated.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

as attractive as their father, who is that lovely grey colour which is so appealing.

Mrs. Hornyold is reducing her kennel of Schnauzers, so has some to dispose of, including a very nice brood bitch, litter sister to Cranbourne Lupin, who has done so much winning and is herself a prizewinner. She will either sell her reasonably or part with her on breeding terms. She also has two nice dog pups three months old for disposal. Lupin won the trophy for best of the breed at the K. C. Show under the German judge, Herr Best, and is a winner of many firsts at championship shows. Mrs. Hornyold says "some people seem to confuse police training and obedience training for dogs—I have never heard of a medium-sized Schnauzer being police trained; on the other hand, no dog learns to pass obedience tests more quickly than he does, he seems to enjoy learning things. I am surprised that more people don't train their dogs to pass these tests; it develops their intelligence and makes them much more agreeable companions. My dog, Devvet, has been obedience trained, and I find it the greatest boon. It is such an advantage to have a dog who will follow absolutely to heel without a lead. I find people and hotels are always delighted to have him to stay because he behaves so well. His puppies are particularly quick brained and easy



CH. BANCHORY DANILO
The property of Lady Howe



DOCHFUR JASPER
The property of Baroness Burton



CRANBOURNE LUPIN
The property of Mrs. Hornyold



*Bright Red Tongue
and fine White Teeth*

You know what coated tongue and poor teeth mean in man! It's twice as bad in a dog—for HIS health is held in YOUR hands.

Aim for the bright red tongue and the splendid teeth—give him

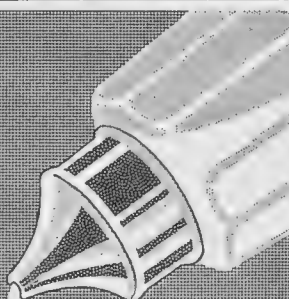
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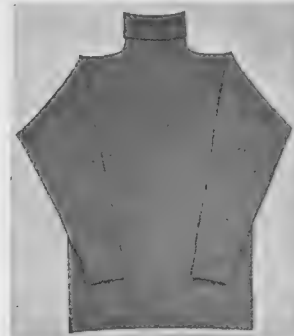
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11 to 17 years, **12/6**

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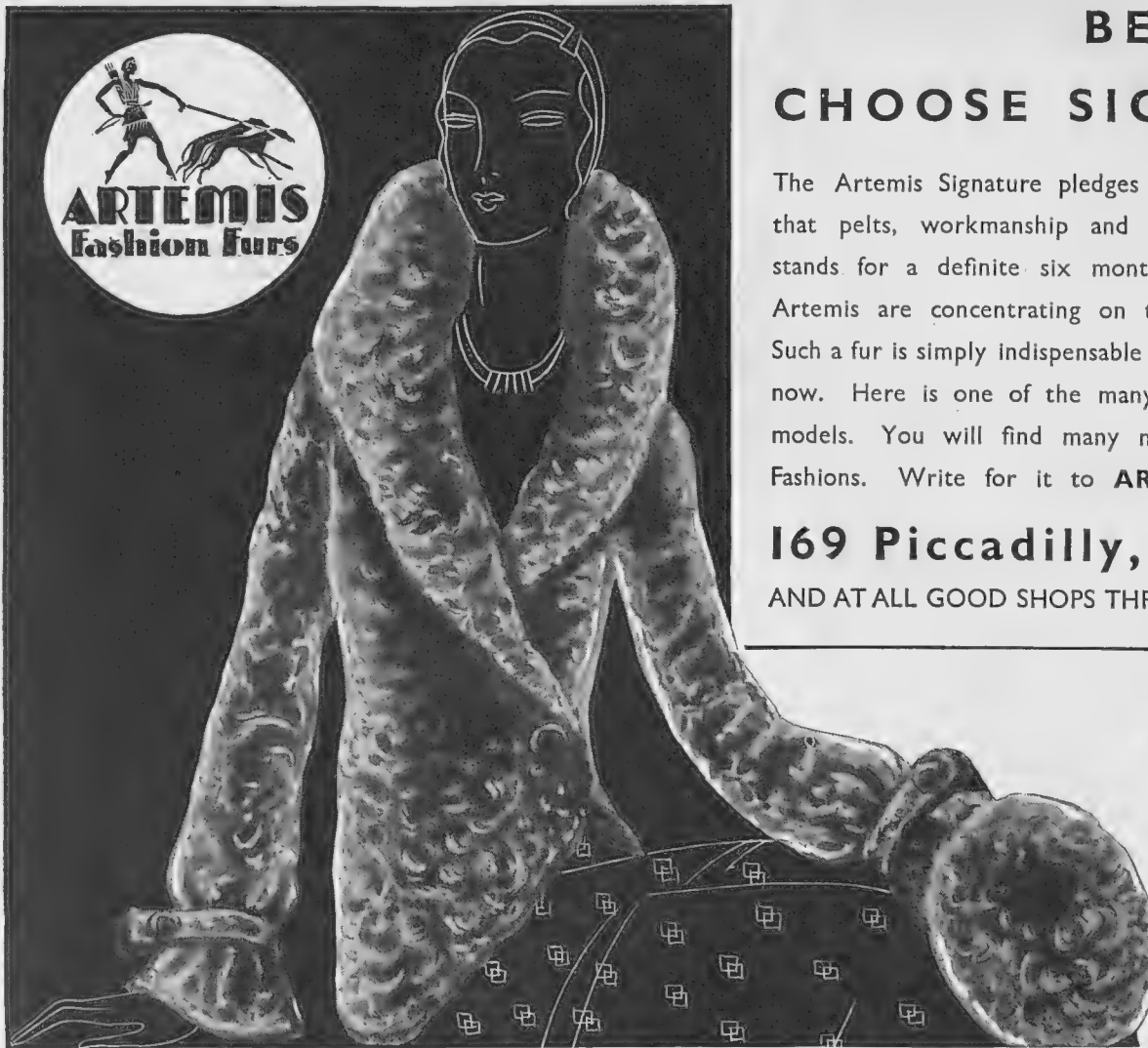
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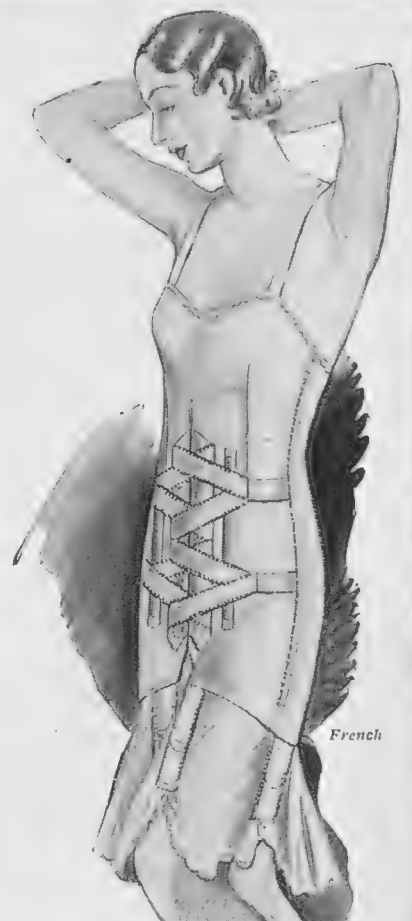
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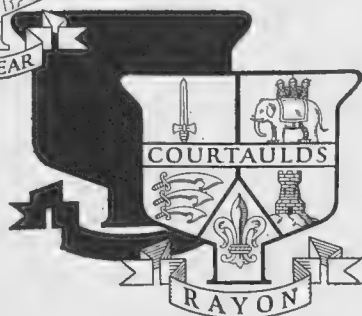
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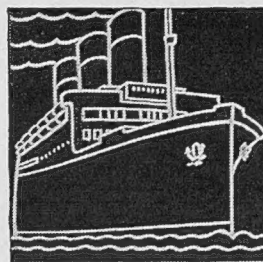


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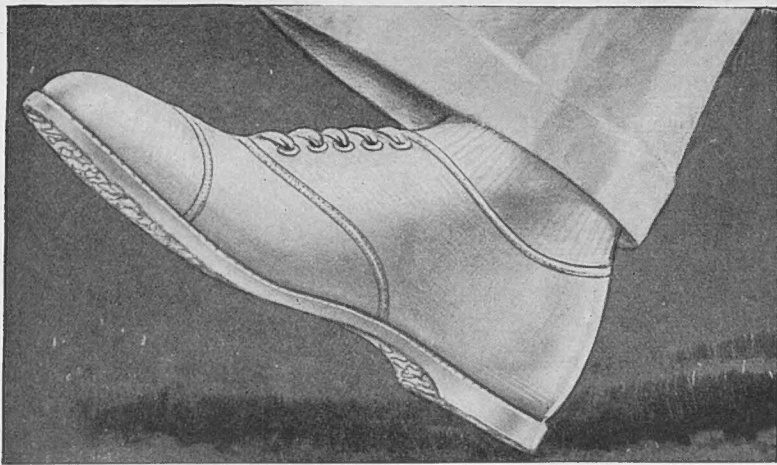
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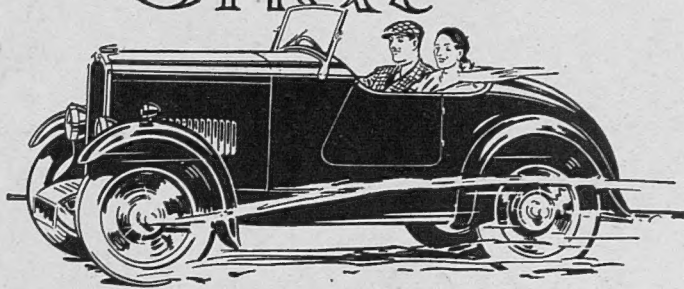
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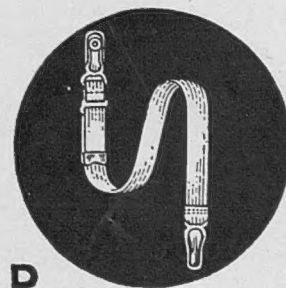
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